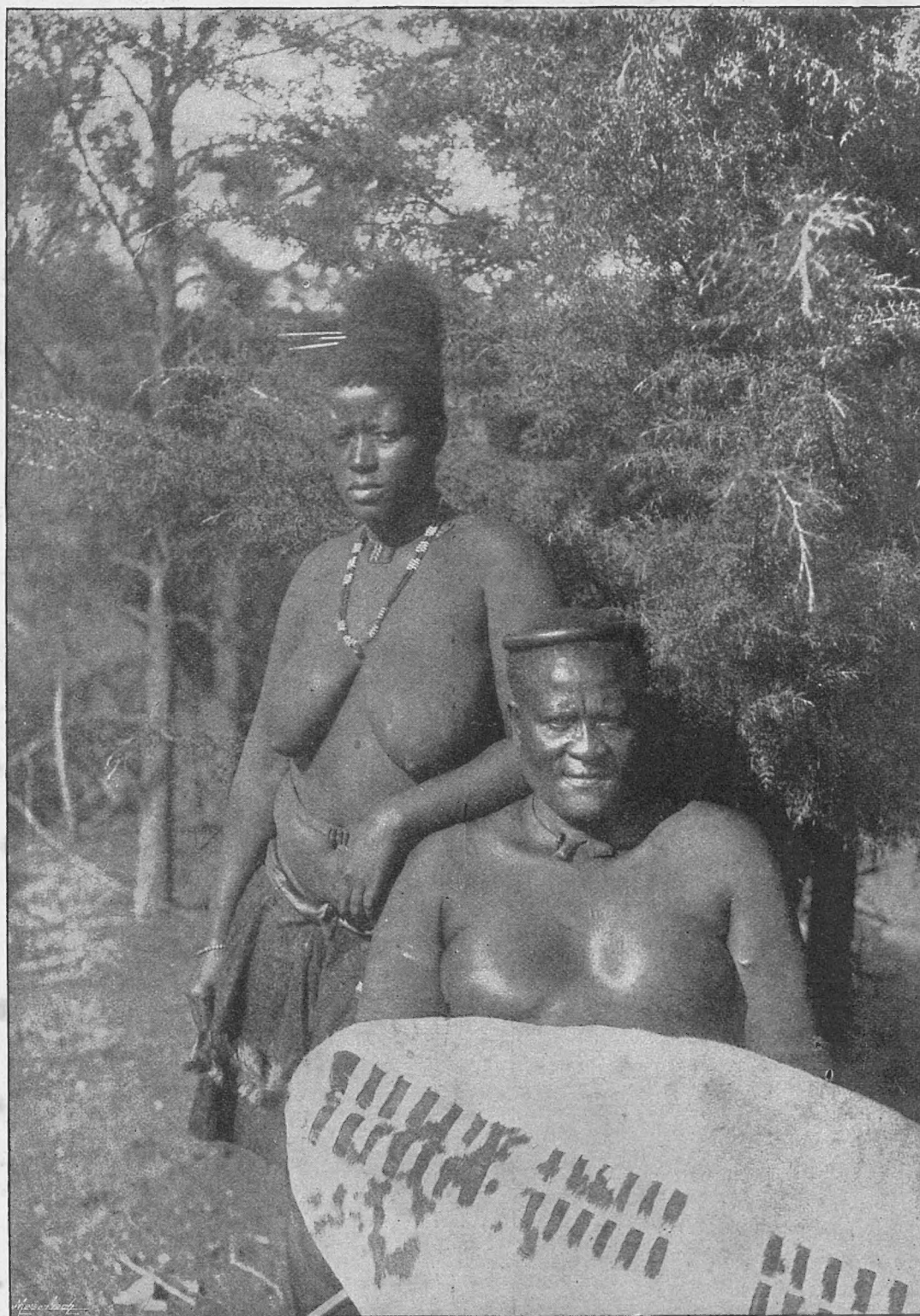




No. 40.—VOL. IV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
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LOBENGULA AND ONE OF HIS WIVES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH KINDLY LENT BY CAPTAIN CALDWELL.

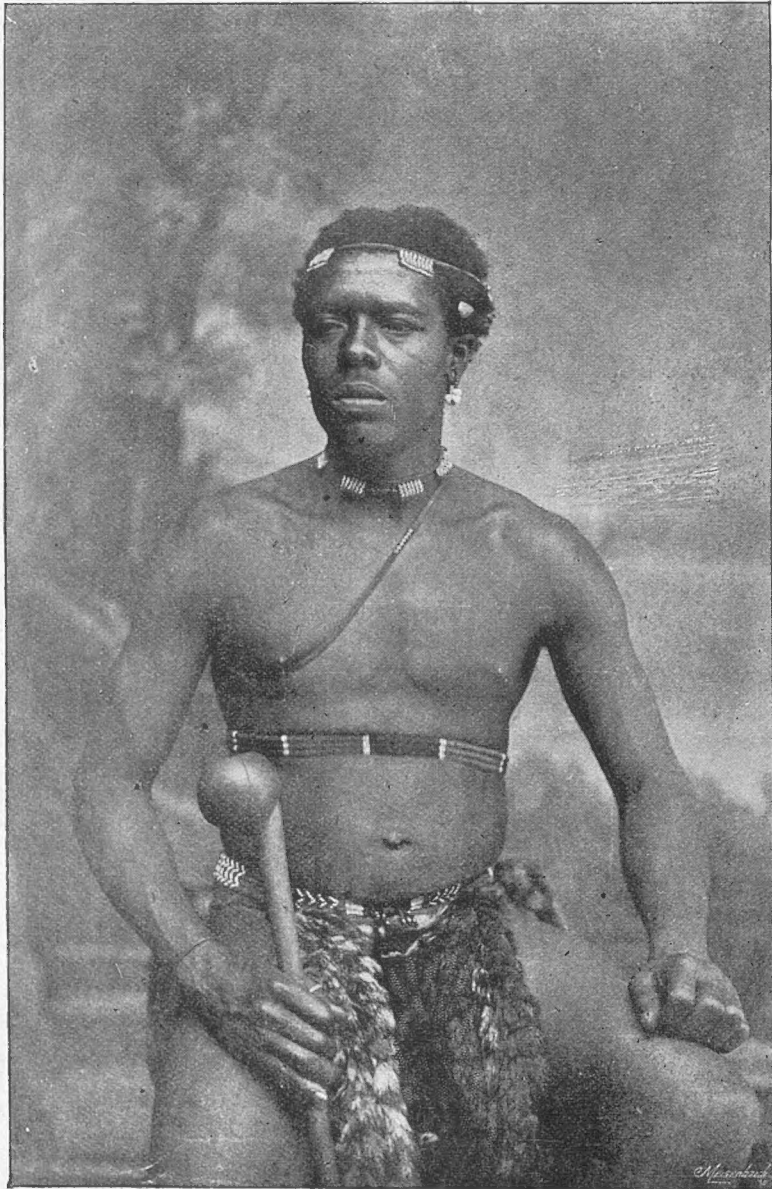
IN MASHONALAND.

Loch and Lobengula might be said to summarise the world's interest in Africa at this moment. Reports straggle into the newspapers of a more or less unreliable description, but little progress has been made on any side. Meantime, English people are learning more about



A MATABELE KRAAL, SHOWING A WITCH-DOCTOR IN THE FOREGROUND.

Mashonaland than they have hitherto done. Lobengula is a Zulu, not a Matabele, for his father more than half a century ago revolted against Chaka, who founded the Zulu kingdom. He is an elephantine-looking man of sixty, whose great bulging bloodshot eyes have been described as being enough to scare a man off-hand, and Mr. Rider Haggard has borne testimony to his gross cruelty. Lobengula has an army of between 10,000 and 20,000 men. If rumour is to be believed, his force will be augmented by white men, for 280 home-born Englishmen, besides fifty Americans and Colonists, are said to have volunteered to help the Matabele.



A MATABELE BRAVE.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Mr. Alderman Tyler, the Lord Mayor-elect, was received in the House of Lords on behalf of the Queen last week. An exhaustive account of his Lordship and some of his predecessors will appear in next week's *Sketch*.

The thirty-ninth anniversary gathering of the Light Brigade heroes was held in St. James's Restaurant on Saturday evening. Thirty-four men were present—one of them, unhappily, from the workhouse.

Captain the Hon. Frederick Charles Howard, brother of the Earl of Effingham, shot himself dead on Thursday at his residence in South Kensington.

Dhuleep Singh was buried on Saturday at Elveden, which is a parish without even a village. The Maharanee and five of the late Maharajah's children (by his first wife) were present. The funeral service was conducted according to Church of England rites.

Christ's Hospital has had to be shut up on account of an outbreak of scarlet fever.

The Duchess of Grafton and the Marchioness of Dufferin have issued an earnest appeal to the women of England to aid the sufferers from the "Liberator" and the allied disasters. Twenty-four of the applicants for relief have died during the last few months through the shock of their loss, while five are now in lunatic asylums.

The "beauty of bankruptcy" is a phrase of Mr. Commissioner Kerr's coining, which shows its author to be a humourist. It was uttered over the case of a man who wanted somebody to make him a bankrupt. He could not afford to do it himself, because he had not the necessary £10 to pay for a stamp fee.

The most notable pulpit utterance in reference to the coal strike was that made by the Rev. Stopford Brooke on Sunday morning, when he warmly espoused the miners' cause, which was really the cause of all working men and women. The demand for a living wage would spread like fire in all trades, and would hit straight at the keystone of our political economy. Competition as a basis for the work of a State he declared to be played out.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Wednesday held the first of the Ecclesiastical Courts in connection with his quadrennial visitation at Canterbury Cathedral. Popular legislation was his theme, and he deprecated any attempt to force legislation in advance of the popular demand. As to temperance legislation, he thinks that now comprehensive schemes are less likely than ever to be carried.

An old custom, which recalls a scene from one of Mr. Hardy's rustic novels, has been revived at Western Green, in Surrey, where a farmer has celebrated a profitable hay harvest by roasting a sheep on the common, two male cooks being engaged and six sacks of fuel being utilised. The animal was then divided and eaten, after which a hoary hay-cutter sang some old country ditties.

This country has been called—and not without reason—the worst afforested in Europe. Mr. Schlich, the principal professor of forestry at Cooper's Hill, estimates that 6,000,000 acres of waste land might be laid down in wood, and that after forty years, when the forest had been created, 100,000 labourers could be employed on it, thus sustaining a population of 75,000 souls. At present we spend £13,000,000 on imported timber.

When people turned up at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday evening, they saw, not "Miami," but a placard announcing that the theatre was closed "for a short time for a grand spectacular piece." The fact is that salaries were not forthcoming to the principals and their understudies.

The Palace Theatre of Varieties has once more been refused a promenade and the liberty to sell drink in the auditorium.

The Mayor of Chicago, Mr. C. H. Harrison, who was interviewed for *The Sketch* a few weeks ago, was shot dead on Saturday evening by a young man to whom he had refused an appointment.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Henry Arthur Jones's New Play, *THE TEMPTER*. MR. TREE as THE TEMPTER. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5. Seats may be booked two months in advance.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Every Evening at 8.45, MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS (including Miss Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Arthur Bouchier, George Clarke, Isabel Irving, &c.) in F. C. Burnand's new farcical comedy, *THE ORIENT EXPRESS*; preceded at 8.15 by *THE RING OF POLYCRATES*. MATINEE, Saturday next, Nov. 4, at Two. SPECIAL MATINEES OF *THE FORESTERS*, Saturdays, Nov. 11 and 18. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

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The free singing quality of tone in the middle register of John Brinsmead and Sons' Semi-cottage Piano, Style L.L.L., is enhanced by a resounding bass and a treble of exceptional beauty; its touch is exquisite, and its durability is unequalled.

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MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE ORIENT EXPRESS," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

It was the misfortune of Mr. Featherston to awake with the words "Your money or your life!" ringing in his ears, and in opening his eyes to find a pistol pointed at his head by a burly brigand, covered with rags and weapons, and so dirty that he could at any time efficiently disguise himself by merely washing. Mr. Featherston "shelled out": that was not the end of it. The brigands chose a select committee of seven from the railway passengers, and carried them over the mountains to hold them bail for a ransom of £200, promptly paid by the Government. Mr. F. was one of the committee, and so was Miss Katrina Djoreska, travelling under the name of Mrs. Featherston. This looks as if Mr. F., our hero, was a black sheep.

It happened thus: Our hero started for Shiraz to purchase otto (or, more correctly, attar) of roses, stuff which in the crude form smells and looks like decomposed hair oil. With him went his wife as far as Dresden, where she changed her mind and resolved to return to London. She had a through ticket to Shiraz, which, as custom is, she had signed. In order not to lose the money, Mr. F. handed the ticket to the hotel porter to sell, and Katrina bought it. Featherston did not know who was the purchaser till he found her in the carriage with him. Now, the transfer of such tickets is illegal, and even punishable. When the buyer and seller discovered this they had to pretend to be husband and wife. Of course, a little while after the capture the newspapers heard of the affair, and the *Daily* (or *Daly*) *Despatch* in its account said that Mr. F. was journeying with his young wife.

As soon as the real Mrs. Featherston saw the newspaper she jumped to the conclusion that her husband was travelling with some woman whom he passed off as his wife. Her parents charitably took the same view of the case. Now, any married woman of two years' standing is naturally heart-broken at hearing of her husband's infidelity, but Mrs. F.'s emotion was not confined to mere grief; she was vexed beyond endurance at the idea that her friends would look upon her as a deceived wife and mock at her. Indeed, her grief was swallowed up by her vexation, and she was almost ready to pardon the crime if she could contrive to conceal it, since she deemed shame without blame preferable to blame without shame. Her mother said, "Skip off at once to Dresden; oust the other woman, and pretend that you really were with him." So off she skipped, and when an interviewer from the *Daily Despatch* came he was told that the account the paper had given was true.

Now, it is a very dangerous thing to launch a lie unless you know the whole truth. Of course, if the lie is entirely detached from facts, and can never come into collision with anything that has actually happened, it is safe enough, provided that your memory is good. As a rule, however, a lie must have a foundation of reality, and is almost certain to come in contact at the other end with positive events. Woe to you, then, if you do not know all the truth, for you may find that your fiction will carry you to some very awkward situation. When the parents and the wife resolved to pretend that she was with her husband, they only knew that the husband and others had been carried off and soon released; they were ignorant of all that passed in the mountains.

The interviewer from the *D. D.* whom they had bamboozled soon came to suspect that he had been fooled, so he laid a trap. He published a false telegram in the paper to the effect that Mrs. F. had not been released with the other captives, but had been sold by the brigands to Ismail Pasha, and stayed in his harem, "as full of sultanas as a Christmas pudding," for four-and-twenty hours. Fancy the horror of the conspirators when they saw that! Of course, they immediately became ten times more anxious to prove the true tale than they had been to circulate the false. It happened that Featherston had not seen Katrina after their capture, and did not know that the harem story was a complete fabrication.

How the truth crept out, and the world was convinced that Mrs. Featherston had not seen Ismail Pasha, who chanced to be in Chicago—how, too, she came to believe in her husband's innocence—are matters that you had better learn by a visit to Daly's Theatre—a visit that it is worth your while to make, for the play, on the whole, is very amusing. No doubt it is a "non-stayer," and, starting at a tremendous pace, almost crawls past the post; but the actual time of the run, if not record, is a good deal higher than mere average. It has many smart passages in the dialogue and some genuine strokes of wit. Moreover, connected with it is a charming set of love scenes between a young man and a girl in her teens, excellently played by Miss Isabel Irving and Mr. Allan Aynesworth. Much of the fun comes from the well-drawn characters of mother and father-in-law, which were acted by Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis in highly humorous style. Unfortunately, to give Miss Ada Rehan so poor a part as that of Mrs. Featherston is like employing a Sandow to carry a pound of potatoes, and she seemed so depressed by her task that she did not act with half her usual spirit. The play was preceded by a very pretty little comedieta, adapted by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy from the German; you will find it in his volume of twelve short plays "printed for private circulation." The comedieta is somewhat artificial, and demands and deserves finer acting than the careful but rather heavy work of Mr. Bouchier and Mr. Percy Haswell. However, as it is, "The Ring of Polycrates" proves to be a pleasant exception to the ordinary class of "curtain raisers."

"DON JUAN," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

For people who like pretty dresses and prettier things inside them—and more than a trifle outside, too—"Don Juan" is the thing: into the bargain they can have a charming seraglio scene with a beautiful peep at the Bosphorus through the arches on the O.P. side, a few delightful dances, and two or three pleasing songs. To persons who require a burlesque to be funny, the piece offers little. Those who know "the ropes" expect Mr. Adrian Ross's lyrics to have curious rhymes, daring tricks with words, fine workmanship, and quaint ideas, but will not find these qualities in the new work; on the other hand, they may discover a beautiful little "Turkish Lullaby" wasted on mild music and almost inaudible singing.

We all know the Whistler story about "Why drag in Velasquez?" and it leads one to ask Mr. Tanner and Mr. George Edwardes, Why drag in Byron? The poor man must have writhed enough in his grave under the attacks of modern critics, to be spared a new terror to death in shape of a kind of godfathership to a burlesque no richer in wit than he was in godliness. Why drag in Byron, when you can get a set of names for your work out of a directory, unless you mean to benefit without permission by his labours? Why, if this notice is to be a catechism, have Mr. Arthur Roberts in your company at a salary as big as a bishop's or jockey's, and give him only four solos, and but one of them funny? Why engage those three Graces—Sylvia Grey, Katie Seymour, and Topsy Sinden—and let them have no more to do than any one of them could have done with joy to herself and us? Why stint us in the inimitable imitations of Miss Cissy Loftus, and offer us too much of a young lady who is better as anybody else than she is as herself?

However, kindness bids one pause—there were some good things in the matter. The song that Miss Millie Hylton sang in a style so good that her pretty face and form rendered it tolerable, "Linger longer, Loo," has a quaint, droning swing which catches one at once, and is fascinating. I half hope it may dethrone "Daisy." To see, for the first time, Miss Sylvia Grey without skirts is an event of some moment. Mr. Roberts's "Bathing" song is funny enough to amuse a County Councillor. Miss Cissy Loftus's imitations deserved the row that the refusal of an encore caused. Miss Katie Seymour danced with the lightness of a storm-tossed feather, and Miss Topsy's movements had such grace that she held our eyes so that we were tricked with a double for "Don Juan." It may have been a dull affair on the whole, but there were bright moments, and soon, no doubt, they will be changed into minutes, and then I shall be asked, perhaps, to a second edition, and find it a brilliant affair, full of the fine humour that "makes for progress" and dollars.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE SOCIETY.

Despite the efforts of paragraphists, one has always some hope of the unexpected at the performances of Mr. Grein's theatre. On Friday night they were disappointed, for everything happened just as it was expected to happen. "A Question of Memory" proved to be a play with some original ideas in the dialogue, with some subtlety, at times, in touches of character, but, on the whole, what one calls "undramatic"—which is, really, a question-begging epithet. By "undramatic" I mean that the authoresses—for "Michael Field" is really Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper—have not the power of so arranging things for the stage as to produce the effects that they seek. One can see through all its blunders that "A Question of Memory," the theme of which is really matter for a heavy melodrama, has had original thought bestowed on it, without feeling sure what "Michael Field" is really aiming at.

The last act might have been omitted altogether, and it was such a dull anti-climax it never would be missed, yet it shows more than anything else the undramatic feeling—the desire to create impressions unsuited to the medium, which results in utter incomprehensibility. At first sight one would fancy that the characters are mad, and merely laugh at them, and yet, I believe, there is some genuine idea, perhaps of value, at the back of it struggling vainly to come forward. The acting was very uneven. Mr. Acton Bond strove bravely and cleverly against an overwhelming burden. Miss Hall Caine played a rather trying part with great skill, while Miss Mary Keegan wasted the effect of her pretty looks by obviously imitating Miss Robins, an actress who, despite her remarkable gifts, is a bad model. Mrs. Wright's performance was very fine, and its power made one deeply regret that the range of parts she can take is so small.

To play "Le Pater" in French was, of course, to court ridicule. Ladies may speak French wonderfully for foreigners; but—well, even long residence in England will affect a foreigner's accent, or rather way, of speaking the native tongue. It would have been trying enough to bear it in prose; but in verse it became intolerable. Miss Zetterberg seemed to guess this, for she broke up her lines so thoroughly that I do not think anyone could have guessed that her speeches were in poetry. Mr. Ivan Watson really did deliver his lines as to the manner born, and with some charming speech. To tell the truth, "Le Pater" is not one of Coppée's best; it has a striking tale, told so briefly that big scenes are condensed till they become unconvincing. However, if neither piece was quite successful, the evening did credit to the society for its bold effort to take us off the beaten track.

E. F.-S.

GIRLS IN "THE GAIETY GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photographed by Electric Light by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS DECIMA MOORE.



MISS MAUD HOBSON.



MISSSES LOUIE POUNDS, KATE CUTLER, AND MARIE STUDHOLME,
IN BATHING COSTUME.



MISSSES LOUIE POUNDS, KATE CUTLER, AND MARIE STUDHOLME,
IN DOMINOES.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The brunt of the handicapping during the jumping season will fall on the shoulders of Mr. J. K. Mainwaring, the assistant handicapper to the Jockey Club, as Major Egerton does not now compile handicaps under



MR. R. K. MAINWARING.

National Hunt Rules. Mr. Mainwaring is a capital judge of form, and he has given us some rare puzzles for the Grand National. He travels a good deal, and sees as many horses as he possibly can during the week, as he swears by the old adage that "seeing is believing." Mr. Mainwaring has of late added to his other duties by acting as clerk of the course to several meetings, and it must be said that in the case of Bangor and its big steeplechase his efforts have met with success. He will, I am sure, prove a tower of strength to the new meeting at Lingfield, as he can command any number of entries. He was instrumental in working some radical changes at

Chester, and the old meeting seems all at once to have taken a new lease of life. Mr. Mainwaring is very fond of horses, and he owns a compact little hunting stud. He bred Newmarket, and sold him as a foal. Mr. Mainwaring has written largely on horses and sporting subjects.

I am told that we may expect several police raids in the near future. It seems that in a few instances establishments carried on under the title of "outside brokers" are nothing more or less than betting shops, and the people running them are to all intents and purposes bookmakers. Of course, it may be difficult to bring the fault home; at the same time, I recommend the so-called bucket-shop keepers who are at present making books on races to drop this branch of their business. The authorities are, I believe, keen in putting down all betting agencies, and when the Scotland Yard gentlemen take a matter of this sort in hand they generally finish with a conviction or two.

The majority of trainers at Newmarket appear to have drifted completely away from racing under National Hunt Rules. This can only be explained by the fact that, owing to rich two-year-old stakes offered early in the season, little or no time is now afforded them to school horses over timber and fences, the young thoroughbreds claiming all their attention. Mr. Lambton and Mumford run horses under both rules; but their respective stables do not shelter any youngsters who give promise of developing into an equine champion.

There are several owners who will not patronise sport between the flags. Perhaps Baron Rothschild has the most rooted objection to all road racing, and not a single horse of his must ever be jumped over hurdles. Another peculiarity of the Baron is that he will never buy back a horse after it has proved successful in a selling race.

Colonel North's run of bad luck continues so far as his racehorses are concerned, and I hear the Colonel has given up his usual habit of backing anything which carried his colours. His greyhounds, too, have not up to the present run any too well this season, but some promising puppies have yet to be seen in public, and the Colonel is hopeful of annexing yet another Waterloo Cup. The Colonel just now is stricken very badly with the golf fever.

I am sorry that Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins is giving up racing. He has been of immense value to clerks of courses, for not only has he accepted stewardships at many meetings, but set a good example by attending to his duties. He also took some interest in the National Hunt, but if the Hon. C. Howard be absent the affairs of that body will probably be left to look after themselves.

I hear that if it is necessary to institute inquiry into the form of horses' running in 1893 the stewards of the Jockey Club are likely to exercise greater control over the proceedings than was the case in a previous inquiry. Much dissatisfaction, and probably injustice, may by this means be avoided.

Many of the leading bookmakers are capital billiard-players. Of course, the match in which Mr. Fry was beaten by Lord Rosslyn has not been forgotten, while all the world knows that Sydney Fry is an aspirant to amateur championship honours. Mr. Dick Dunn plays a good game, so do Mr. Logan and Mr. Gibbons. Among owners, Mr. Sibary is a capital player, so is Mr. Kilsyth, and Mr. A. Cockburn is no mean performer with the cue. Of the jockeys, Sam Loates is a very good player, so are George Chaloner and George Barrett. Jewitt would probably beat any of the trainers on the board of green cloth, as he has a capital table of his own on which to practise. The Press-box holds some capital players. Mr. James Hervey Smith plays a good game. Mr. Tom Callaghan is a sure scorer, and Mr. James George has been known to take up his cue and run right out in a game of "100 up."

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The Russians have finished their visit to Paris, and peace and order are restored once more. Everybody was delighted to see them come, and I think everybody is equally pleased they are gone, and this not unkindly meant by any means; but it has been very trying to those sober-minded ones whose heads have not run away completely with them over *les beaux Russes* that traffic has been practically stopped in the region of the Opéra for quite a week, and cabs hardly to be had for love or money. The haughtiness and independence of "cabby" have been stupendous; never over polite, he has been positively insolent. I had to go to several shops one day, and stopped no less than eleven different cabmen, each of whom, on hearing that he was wanted by the hour, either whipped up his horse in silent contempt and drove off, or else wanted to stop and argue whether it was likely he was going to stop about for me all day, when so much money was to be made by the simple *course*, interspersed with a good many expressions more forcible than polite. I was stupid enough to try and frighten one cabman into driving me by threats of a *sergent de ville*, but he simply laughed outright.

During one of the processions the horses attached to Admiral Avellan's carriage began to jib, and nothing could induce them to move, so another pair was sent for, the Admiral remaining in the landau. The crowd rushed round, the men tending their hands to be shaken and the women offering their cheeks to be kissed, while flowers were flung broadcast from all directions to him. It was most amusing, especially to some of the younger officers, who were by no means backward in embracing the fair cheeks so frankly proffered.

The gala performance at the Opéra was a great success and a sight to be ever remembered. The programme was composed almost of Russian songs, dances, &c., concluding with the Russian National Anthem, sung by the entire company. A scene of the greatest excitement then took place, all starting from their seats shouting "Vive la Russie!" Admiral Avellan appeared quite overcome with emotion, and tears were in his eyes as he arose and held up his hand as intimation that he wished to say something. In an incredibly short time the whole house from a scene of unparalleled confusion and disorder was reduced to silence, as the handsome officer's voice rang out, "Let my last words be, Vive la France!" Women were weeping on all sides, Sarah Bernhardt sobbing audibly on the shoulder of Albert Stevens, the painter.

As the train bearing the popular sailors to Lyons steamed over the bridge at Asnières, a woman was observed on the next bridge waving a Russian and a French flag, and shouting, "I have seen them! It is enough: now I can die in happiness!" with which she threw herself into the Seine below. Her body was recovered after some time, when it was discovered that her dress and petticoats were made out of French and Russian flags.

The funeral of Marshal MacMahon was the most imposing spectacle ever witnessed here. The Russian officers walked immediately after the coffin, and every nation was represented. The flowers sent to the Hôtel des Invalides, where the celebrated Marshal rests in company with other heroes, were valued at over £3000. One wreath which I saw must have measured quite 12 ft. in width.

Dear, gentle Gounod was buried on Friday, the 27th, in the family vault at Auteuil, the funeral service having been held previously at the Madeleine. Full military honours were rendered, owing to his rank of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

A huge whale, weighing 5000 kilogrammes, and measuring 36 ft. in length, has just been caught on the coast of Calvados, between Honfleur and Villerville. It was noticed some way out at first, and then suddenly coming quite near the shore, it was eventually captured. Its death struggles lasted some seven hours, as it lay in the shallow water, dashing the spray in all directions, its huge body riddled with spears and harpoons. It belongs to a class frequenting the southern seas, and has never been seen so far north before.

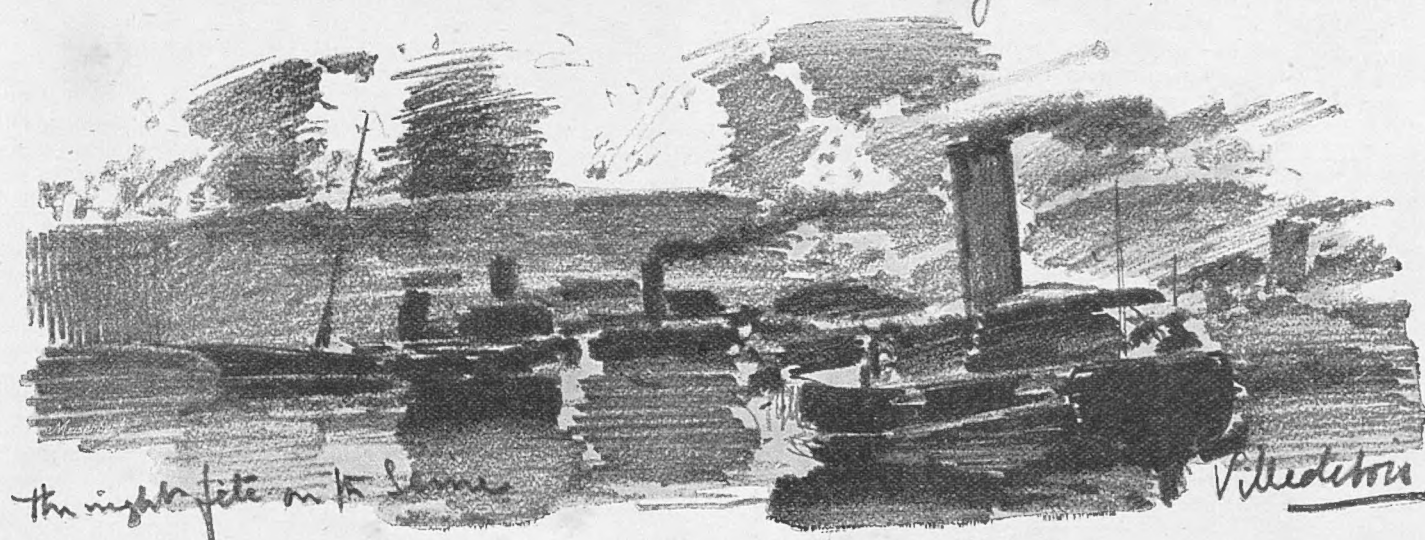
At a banquet given by the Paris Press Fêtes Committee in connection with the Russians no less than 4100 covers were laid. They seemed to have dined extremely well, although the menu was not at all particularly varied, as the following formidable quantities were consumed: 1200 litres of soup, 12,000 rolls of bread, each weighing 125 grammes, 40 barrels of sardines, 1800 pounds of *filet de bœuf*, 700 pheasants, 500 huge pigeon pies, 500 litres of *salade russe*, 4000 bombes, 1500 gaufres, 1500 pounds of grapes, 2000 apples, 2000 pears; in the wine department, 2000 bottles of champagne, 5000 litres of brandy, 25 casks of wine, and 5000 bottles of mineral water!

A new life-saving balloon has been invented by M. Germe, a retired coast-guardman, at Berck. Several successful experiments have been made with it at Cherbourg. The balloon is only 3 ft. in diameter, and spherical, and made of waterproof linen. A long cord of 700 to 1000 yards in length is attached to it. The idea is that a ship driven on rocks or in any distress can be reached by the balloon, and having a band round it, to which four rings at equal distances are placed, the ship-wrecked ones can be thus brought safely to shore.

MIMOSA.



*Pupil of the Cavalry School
of Saumur*



The night fete on the Seine

V. Medeiros

SMALL TALK.

The Queen returns from Balmoral the week after next, and will pass a month at Windsor Castle before going to Osborne for Christmas. Notwithstanding various statements to the contrary, no arrangements whatever have as yet been made for the Queen's spring visit to the Continent, nor are her Majesty's plans likely to be settled for several weeks to come. It is, however, highly probable that the Queen will again accept the Dowager Lady Crawford's offer of the Villa Palmieri, if she finally decides to visit Florence next spring. The villa is one of the nicest houses in or near Florence, and all the interior arrangements are on the English system. The weather has improved at Balmoral during last week, and, although cold, it has become fine and settled. Several excursions have been made, but the days are getting too short for any very long drives. The Queen and the royal party have, however, lunched twice at the Glassalt Shiel, and also at the cottage in the Alt-na-Guisach, near Lochnagar. Deer-stalking and driving in the royal forests at Balmoral and Ballochbuie cease this week for the season, a large number of stags having been shot. There will, however, be drives for roedeer in the Abergeldie and Birkhall Woods before the departure of the Court from Balmoral.

The Queen has been very successful at local agricultural shows during the past summer with her polled cattle, reared at the home farm at Abergeldie Mains. Her Majesty now possesses probably the finest herd of "polls" in the country, and her commissioner, Dr. Profeit, has *carte blanche* to add to the stock whenever a favourable opportunity offers.

Several of the rooms at Windsor Castle have been redecorated during the absence of the Court at Balmoral, and her Majesty's private apartments have also been generally refurbished. No alterations are ever made in the private apartments except at the express command of the Queen, and then, even down to the smallest detail, the proposed improvements have to be submitted for her Majesty's personal approval before the work can be carried out.

The royal library at Windsor Castle contains an almost priceless collection of books, manuscripts, and prints. Under the benign administration of Mr. Holmes, the librarian at the Castle, the collection has been admirably arranged, and is kept in the most perfect order. The regulations regarding the distribution of books to the members of the household are now very strictly adhered to, as in the early part of the century many valuable books were lost and mislaid, owing to the careless supervision then exercised. The post of librarian, although not by any means a sinecure, is a very pleasant one. The emoluments are considerable, and include accommodation at Windsor Castle, the best of shooting in the royal covers, whatever flowers and fruit are required from the royal gardens, and the run of the private golf ground in the Great Park. Among the rare editions at Windsor is a copy of the first edition of Spenser's "Fairie Queen," which belonged to Queen Elizabeth.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters are to reside at Sandringham until about the middle of December, when they go to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. The Prince will also be at Sandringham for some six weeks, except when he is in London or paying country-house visits. During her stay at Fredensborg the Princess of Wales, I hear, quite recovered her health and spirits. She entered heartily into everything that went on, and joined all the entertainments, appearing to thoroughly enjoy the stay among "her own people." It may, therefore, be hoped that the attacks of melancholia from which the Princess has suffered for so long are now things of the past.

Nothing reminds one so vividly of the widespread influence of the Danish royal family through marriage as one of those gatherings and breaking-ups that have been seen at Fredensborg within the last few



weeks. Speaking of Denmark, one is reminded of the visit recently paid by the King to this country and the address presented to him by the Corporation of London. It was enclosed in the gold casket here reproduced, which was made by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill.

The Prince of Wales is to be entertained by Sir Henry James for a couple of days' shooting at the end of the month. Shoreham Place, the pretty seat near Sevenoaks which Sir Henry rents from Mr. Mildmay, affords some of the best shooting in Kent, as the coverts are admirably placed, and the property has been strictly preserved for years. One portion of the shoot is popularly known as the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," from the tremendous head of game usually killed there.

The news of the illness that has struck down Sir Andrew Clark, though it has come with somewhat startling suddenness to the world at large, can hardly be so great a surprise to those who know the eminent physician more intimately. Few members of the medical profession have worked with such unceasing energy as Sir Andrew, who, day after day, with the exception of a few weeks' holiday, has seen a never-ending round of patients for a good many years past. His professional day began, too, earlier than that of most fashionable doctors. He would see patients, I believe, at 9 a.m., or even earlier, and the unstinted care he has lavished on such illustrious invalids as Mr. Gladstone must have occupied many an hour that might otherwise have been devoted to leisure. Sir Andrew had but recently returned to London from the charming estate, Camfield, which he recently purchased, and which is near Lord Salisbury's historic home at Hatfield, and, although looking somewhat aged and worn, appeared to be in fairly good health.

When the celebrated Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, retired to the picturesque estate of Barrator, on wild and breezy Dartmoor, an estate purchased for him by public subscription, and where he died in 1868, he was succeeded in the rajahship by his nephew, whose presence in London has recently attracted some notice. The patronymic of the present rajah was Johnson, but he assumed the name of Brooke on succeeding to his uncle's position in the East. The best years of his life have been spent among the savage race whose affection and veneration his justice, sympathy, and intimate knowledge have won. The Rane of Sarawak is as English as her husband, and was, indeed, a blood relation of the first rajah, whose services to the Sultan of Borneo were recompensed in 1841 by the rajahship of the province with which the name of Brooke has been associated for more than half a century.

Dr. J. W. Gregory, who has just returned from Africa, is one of the youngest of our explorers. He went out a year ago to make botanical and geographical investigations on behalf of the British Museum. Dr. Gregory's success has quite surpassed expectations, his careful examination of Mount Kenia, in particular, having added most valuable information to our knowledge. No one who knew the youthful scientist, with his delicate health and retiring nature, would have suspected in him the courageous explorer. He had more the air of the bookworm than of an African pioneer. The Royal Geographical Society must feel proud of its brilliant member, who is expected to address a meeting before very long on his expedition.

The heroic efforts made by Lady Nottage for the furtherance of that excellent charity known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are, I am glad to say, meeting their due meed of recognition, and her third ball held in aid of the society's funds at Queen's Gate Hall on Wednesday evening was a smart and plentifully attended function. The pretty rooms were charmingly decked with fresh-looking girls and greenery. No one is surfeited with balls so early in the season, and the programme was, therefore, danced through with a will. Anyone knowing, even slightly, of the horrid cruelties perpetrated on innocent and defenceless children every day, which it is the aim and purpose of this truly Christian charity to prevent and punish, will be all in sympathy with Lady Nottage's humane and earnest efforts in its favour. I trust that she will be able to organise another dance in the same good cause before the winter is over. Someone suggested that a minuet party would "take," and I think that the notion is a very good one indeed.

If one were inclined to be frivolous over the peerage, one might venture on saying that the pretty *tableaux vivants* which were given the other week at Scarborough on behalf of the new hospital and dispensary there were produced by the Londesborough Company. Not only did the Earl and Countess of Londesborough turn actors for the nonce, but nearly all their family, including their three daughters, Lady Ida Sitwell and Ladies Lilian and Mildred Denison, along with their son, Lord Raincliffe, his wife and his brother-in-law, Lord Westmorland and the Countess of Westmorland, took part in the entertainment, which was primarily got up by Lady Ida Sitwell and her sister-in-law, Lady Raincliffe. It was the former who opened the ball by appearing as Alethe, Priestess of Isis, after Mr. Long's picture. A much homelier scene followed in "Attendance Included," when the audience had the satisfaction of seeing the Earl and Countess of Westmorland figure as the "love-struck traveller" and the "winsome lassie"—an appropriate description of her Ladyship. With a desire to be thoroughly up to date, the Countess of Londesborough celebrated the centenary of the death of Marie Antoinette by appearing as the ill-fated Queen on her way to the scaffold, accompanied by a priest, who on this occasion was her son, Lord Raincliffe. The depressing tone of this painful scene was not dispelled when Lady Raincliffe appeared in the next tableau as a slave, nor when Lady Lilian Denison impersonated Solitude, as she figured herself to the brain of Sir Frederick Leighton. The lighter side of nature, however, re-asserted itself in a very pretty picture, "The King's Daughter and her Maidens," in which ten persons took part.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT SCARBOROUGH.

From Photographs by W. D. Brigham, Scarborough.



LADY RAINCLIFFE AS A SLAVE.



MRS. SANDARS AS A FLOWER-GIRL.



MISS BLANCHE RICHARDSON (AGED SIX) AS A SKIRT DANCER.



MISSSES TEALE AND RICHARDSON IN THE "MINUET DE LA COUR."

Lady Mildred Denison afterwards appeared as poor Elaine, as her sad story is told in the "Idylls of the King." The Countess of Westmorland followed as Nydia, the blind girl. Prompted probably by Mr. Stead's recent character study, Mrs. Temperley assumed the part of Joan of Arc, while among the soldiers who attended her were Lord Westmorland and Viscount Raincliffe. After a very pretty tableau, "Minuet de la Cour," Scarborough asserted itself in a marine picture, "The Baiters," showing a group of fishermen's daughters—the Ladies Denison and others—gathering bait on the shore with a sturdy old salt. The whole thing was a great success, and no less are the photographs of the company, here reproduced, by Mr. W. D. Brigham, of Scarborough, who took many of the pictures at the performance itself.

The Law Courts have once more started work, and in the opening Mr. Justice Jeune has revived the glories of Doctors' Commons. Never since the opening of the new Law Courts had the Admiralty Marshal's mace been carried in front of the President. But the good judge returned to his



LORD COLERIDGE.

moutons—I mean mace. It is a curious bit of antiquity, about three feet or so long, not solid silver, but loaded with iron. On the blade of the oar a-top are the lions of England and the fleur-de-lys, supported by the emblems of the Houses of York and Lancaster, all standing out in good relief. Oddly enough, the crown above is deeply indented, the tradition being that, though originally in fairly high relief, it was wickedly picked out by Oliver Cromwell, and has never been properly replaced. The lower shield on the blade is evidently of a later period, as on it are quartered the arms. On the end of the butt, surrounding an indented fowl anchor, is the inscription, "Jasper Swift, Marshal of the Admiralty," who was marshal in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of good Queen Bess. Although I have never read it, I have been told that Sir Travers Twiss wrote a curious account of the odd relic in the *Nautical Magazine*. Its exact age cannot be accurately determined, but it can be fairly taken for granted that the historic emblem is probably over four hundred years old.

The Sutherland will case is, I hear, to be quite the *cause célèbre* of the present sittings in the Court of Queen's Bench. The will of the late Duke, probate of which is to be opposed, was drawn, I am told, but a short time before his Grace's death—as late, indeed, as Aug. 4 of last year, and a codicil, also to be disputed, was made on the very day of the Duke's death, Sept. 22. The personal property amounts, I understand, to something like £400,000, and the executors of the instruments, as to the soundness or unsoundness of which a formidable array of legal luminaries will contend, are the Dowager Duchess, the Marquis of Dufferin, and Mr. W. G. Michell; the last-named is, I believe, a brother of the Dowager. This case stands No. 30 in the Special Jury list, and it may be some weeks before the public will have an opportunity of hearing a trial which is certain to attract a great deal of attention throughout the country.

Many men have drawn the cork of a bottle of whisky "with a view to analysing the contents," or, at any rate, with the intention of testing the strength of the imprisoned fluid, but few have in so doing met with such a severe accident as has befallen that eminent Dublin physician, Sir Charles Cameron. The bottle on which Sir Charles was operating burst below the neck, and the broken glass inflicted severe wounds on his hand and leg. The injuries were at once attended to, and Sir Charles conveyed to his own house, where he is progressing favourably. Sir Charles Cameron, who is a cadet of the family of Lochiel, the doughty chiefs of the Clan Cameron, has been President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and has earned many high distinctions in his profession.

Apropos of Sir Charles Cameron and his connection with the Lochiels, I learn from the current number of the *Celtic Monthly*—a monthly of the greatest interest to all Highlanders—that the senior hereditary chieftain of the Clan Cameron also resides in Ireland. He is Mr. Allan Cameron, of the ancient House of Lundavia, and occupies the post of Assistant Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, besides being a Divisional Commissioner. Mr. Cameron regards Erin as only a halting-place in his pilgrimage, for he hopes, at the termination of his public service, "to spend the remainder of his days among the hills of Lochaber, the cradle of his race, and those lone glens where oft in the bygone days so

Wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose."

Of the great advisers of the Admiralty, commend me as a poor Press creature to Sir Leopold McClintock. To see the little great man standing with his back to the office fire, rubbing his hands, while a beaming smile lights up his features, is, indeed, a lovely sight, and calculated to make one a true believer in the general beneficence of one's fellow-creatures. Professional interviewers ought to be able to detect the manner of a man at a glance. A dear friend of mine, though in that line, once made rather a trifling mistake. He had gone to Trinity House to get a proof corrected as to some nautical details. Seeing a respectable-looking small creature in decent black and of a ruddy countenance, he set him down for a consulting carpenter, and after having just note-booked him, not wishing to waste an idle moment, he was told afterwards that the "decent sort of man" of whose intelligence he had been so kindly speaking to some of the officials was none other than the great seaman.

Sir James Linton shows a pretty spirit of liberality in giving a hand to the Institute of Painters in Oils. But, then, he is a liberal-minded person and painter. Years ago he was a good deal in the ranks of the Quartier Latin—*Anglicé*, Charlotte Street—fraternity. How well do I remember him in those good or bad days, when he was always dressed in velvet jacket, wore his hair down to his shoulders, and smoked the briar-root of artistic commerce—quiet and unobtrusive in the company of poor Houghton, and Pinwell, and Friedrich der Grosse—I mean Frederick Walker, the greatest of painters. Sir James Linton is one of those happy beings who have a singular power, without losing any sense of dignity, of adapting themselves to any sort of company they happen to be in. By-the-way, he indulges in the practice of introducing the portraits of his personal friends into his paintings. You remember that series of the life of the mediæval knight. Well, in the banquetting scene there are the faces of Gregory, A.R.A., Brewtnall, and John Scott, his nephew. If ever there lived a man fitted to be the master of an art school, he is undoubtedly Sir James: plenty of *bonhomie*, tempered with refinement, a dignity of manner that helps to make him a respected leader, &c., above all possessed with plenty of pluck; fears no one, from a royalty at a big function to an interviewer in his own studio—greatest proof of courage of all.

Medical authorities are just now bestirring themselves in an energetic crusade against the stuffy decorations of the modern dwelling. The friezes, the mouldings, the draperies dear to the luxurious feminine heart, even the unassuming bracket of the villa drawing-room, are denounced as a dust-trap and refuge of that modern *bête noire*, the microbe. Hygiene and what we are accustomed to consider cosiness will not, it seems, bear with each other's presence. So the men of medicine are setting their veto on the cushioned wiles of our artistic drawing-rooms, and if they carry their way the "microbian development" will, no doubt, be reduced to the desired attenuated dimensions, but at what a price, if one has to sacrifice one's saddle-bags! That necessary evil, the housemaid, as she plies her broom and duster, adds one more to her list of unnumbered peccadilloes by becoming a microbe-diffuser as well.

"Dear friend," implored the family doctor, a day or two since, with uplifted hands, and a far-away look in his eyes, which had settled on a cobweb, "let me implore of you to banish all these unhealthy prettinesses with which you crowd up your rooms. In the light which recent scientific analysis of dust particles has thrown on the decoration of the modern—" "Doctor," I interrupted irrelevantly, "have you read a little book called 'How to be Happy though Married'?" And as he stared exceedingly puzzled, I added, "Well, when you threaten the existence of my beloved 'prettinesses' I am almost inspired to attempt a sequel which would deal with 'How to be Happy though Unhygienic.'" After which the doctor left my draperies alone.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT SCARBOROUGH.

From Photographs by W. D. Brigham, Scarborough.



MRS. TEMPERLEY AS JOAN OF ARC.



MRS. TEMPERLEY AS JOAN OF ARC.



LADY IDA SITWELL AS ALETHE, PRIESTESS OF ISIS.



LADY LONDESBOROUGH AS MARIE ANTOINETTE. PRIEST, LORD RAINCLIFFE.



LADY WESTMORLAND AS NYDIA, THE BLIND GIRL.

The very successful début of the Baronne de Rahden at the Folies-Bergère the other night lends additional proof to the well-known axiom that the finest "ad." is a scandal. Although the equestrian performance of the "*Baronne-ecuyère*" is undoubtedly clever and dashing, yet had not a man been slain for illicit love of her *beaux yeux* it is doubtful if she would have become the rage of Paris and, as she will probably before long be, also the talk of London. It was to seek a livelihood, rather than the desire for notoriety, that induced Eugénie Weiss to adopt a circus life. Thrown on the world by the bankruptcy of her father, a German banker, it was not surprising that his daughter, an exceptionally fine rider, and devoted from her childhood to horses, should turn her natural taste to profitable account. She made the tour of Europe as a circus rider, and while in St. Petersburg was won



Photo by G. Camús, Rue Vivienne, Paris.

LA BARONNE DE RAHDEN.

and wed by the Baron de Rahden, on the express condition, however, that she should be permitted to continue her profession, of which she had become now thoroughly enamoured. A year or two slipped by in complete happiness, she drawing crowds nightly to the circus, while her husband arranged all business details.

Unfortunately, about three years ago, M. Casterkiold, a young Danish officer, fell madly in love with the charming Baronne while the circus was in Denmark. Following her from town to town, his attentions became so pronounced that a duel between him and the Baron was the natural sequel, but neither was wounded. However, the principals seem to have settled their differences, until last August, when M. Casterkiold renewed his persecution of the lady by actually engaging himself as a rider in the same troupe. Appeals to the proprietor of the circus and to the police, made by the Baron, to rid his wife of this persistent lover were equally unavailing, so with his own hand he shot and fatally wounded M. Casterkiold one evening in the circus at Clermont-Ferrand, in front of the audience. The portrait of the Baronne de Rahden is prohibited from being exposed in the shop-windows in Paris just now, not out of the consideration of the immoral influence it might engender in appearing to advocate personal vengeance, but that not the slightest cloud of unpleasantness concerning a Russian nobleman should dim the thorough enjoyment of the Russian naval visitors to France.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand arrived in Paris from his tour round the world in time to see the Franco-Russian high jinks, which, no doubt, added a significant experience to those the hereditary Prince of Austria-Hungary gathered on his way. The Prince came over from New York on the Bretagne, and continued to preserve his strict *incognito*, which did not prevent him from seeing all that was to be seen, and delivered him from the questionable bliss of tedious official visits. The Crown Prince is *un très-joli garçon*, and an excellent sportsman as well. A friend who acted as a kind of civil aide-de-camp, and did the honours when the Archduke was in Singapore some months ago, wrote me an amusing account at the time of a day's shooting which he gave the Prince over his estate, and for which elaborate preparations had been made. They started, a large party, with beautiful weather and good promise of sport; but neither bird nor beast showed up, though that part of Johore teems with game, big and little. To cap the climax, heavy rain came on, drenching them all to the skin. The Prince, however, refused to go back without a "reminiscence," and after standing in the downpour for some hours one small bird was brought down, and the royal party went back to my friend's coffee plantation and made a "wet night" of it—no doubt, to keep the earlier hours in countenance. The Crown Prince carried a quantity of beautiful jewels with him for presentation as he went along. I doubt if many have lasted him as far as Paris. To one of the Archduke's great wealth, however, this lavish generosity seems well in keeping with his character of grand seigneur *en incognito*, a disguise preserved, I hear, in many romantic situations abroad.

Count Taaffe, who is just now so prominent a figure in Austrian politics, is not only a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, but is also, though it may not be generally known, a Viscount and Baron in the Irish peerage. The Taaffes, indeed, are a family of great antiquity in

the counties of Louth and Sligo, and they have given many eminent men to England's and Ireland's history. It was towards the close of the seventeenth century that the ancestor of the present Count Taaffe, Francis, Earl of Carlingford (an honour now extinct), won a splendid reputation and position in the service of the Emperor Ferdinand, became Chamberlain to that monarch, a Marshal of the Empire, and a Councillor of State. Since that time the Taaffes seem to have virtually severed their connection with this country, and have given their services, which have been great, to the country of their adoption.

What is the connection between Sovereigns and snuff-boxes? The question is suggested by the announcement that the King of Roumania has presented Dr. Playfair with a magnificent snuff-box. Now, it is more than doubtful if the eminent physician is a snuff-taker; indeed, the habit so dear to our grandfathers has been far from a common one for many years. Yet, however useless may be the snuff mull, it seems to be etiquette for the monarch to present it. One of my earliest recollections is a grand display of some seven magnificent snuff-boxes, which were never used, and which reposed in great state upon purple velvet in the drawing-room of a near relative of mine, who had assisted in investing various European Sovereigns with the Garter. There was a gorgeous affair in brilliants and blue enamel, the gift of the Sultan; a fine cameo, set in chased gold, with a view of Oporto inside the lid, presented by a King of Portugal; a wonderful box, splendidly chased with a royal crown and cypher in diamonds, from the King of Prussia, as the present Emperor's grandfather then was; a Danish snuff-box, an Austrian snuff-box, and so on. In those days I was filled with awe at the royal gifts, and with wonder at the unanimity of these monarchs in their choice of presents, and I am still wondering why kings do not select something more up to date.

How curiously all the incidents of the earlier Gounod epochs are forgotten. Now, as to Mario, who remembers anything much about the great tenor? Of course, he may be immortalised *incog.* as Corréze in "Moths"; but what about the real living personage? The best photograph ever published of him was that by Colnaghi, when he was taken with Madame Patti in "Faust." Compared, though, to modern work, it is not of much account. *A propos des bottes*, do you know that Mario was very popular with the Thames watermen about Surbiton? Furthermore, that he once thrashed a British nobleman at the corner of Richmond Bridge? "Give the signor fair play!" bawled the fresh-water Jacks who came to look on, and wouldn't let the lordly grooms interfere. The Count had fair play, and carried off a young and lovely female, who had been behaving unwisely and not at all too well. And even in his later days how that man was adored! I remember Harper, the famous horn-player, telling me that enraptured females would actually dash themselves into his brougham; so you see the fascinating Corréze of "Moths" was by no means an exaggerated portrait.

Compressed air is one of the most adaptable quantities which has been discovered for some time. It checks the flow of bad language, beats carpets, blows up mines, and is now to be still further utilised by the Paris Omnibus Company, who, instead of the depressed horses used for present locomotion, intend to use compressed air in future as a motive power for their tramway routes. Each locomotive will draw two or three carriages, and the first air-driven tram will shortly start on the Versailles line, which goes daily from the Louvre. A facetious engineer has asked the company to arrange for "fat" cars and "thin," so that extra motive power could be pressed into the service of the plethora. Here is an idea, by-the-way, for our own twopenny bus companies, which would be hailed with joy by those whose lines do not run in the private two-horse path of dalliance. The robust lady is everywhere, but still more so in the omnibus. She swarms in when everybody else is seated, and overflows on the unwilling laps of her obliterated neighbours, to their entire confusion. Can't she be strangled, or, at least, turned off into a specially prepared loose-box? I have often asked myself the first question when jammed tight underneath sixteen stone of superfluous tissue, but now the alternative seems to point to a more feasible method of disposal. Directors of omnibus companies, please note, and so everlastingly oblige a slim and suffering section of your supporters.

The Duke of Coburg, who has been staying with his daughter at Pelesch Castle, in Roumania, is to pay a series of visits in this country early this month.

"The old professions are hopelessly blocked." We are reminded of this with a greater dash of pessimism than usual at this time of the year, when the Universities have started on an endeavour to exaggerate the congestion. What is to be done with our academic youth? It has been left to the clever little magazine conducted by the students of Aberdeen University to suggest, in view of the music-hall boom, that a Faculty should be started for the training of artistes and song-writers. Here is its panacea for the academic unemployed—

You simply write a chorus just like this,
Concerning, say, some pretty little Miss;
Never mind the rhyme
Or reason
Only make it prime—
And season!

For there's money in a chorus just like this.

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THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE REBEL QUEEN."*

Mr. Besant opens his story with a dramatic and a moving scene. Emanuel Elveda and his wife are on the point of separating. Married thirteen months, they have, in fact, lived apart for a twelvemonth. It is by no means a case of *les petites misères de la vie conjugale*. On the contrary, Isabel Elveda has a profound admiration for her husband, with his face of a "Rabbi Akiba, or Gamaliel," and his brilliant intellect; and Emanuel is deeply in love with his beautiful wife. But Madame Elveda cannot endure the chains of matrimony, and will call no man master. Emanuel, on his part, stern upon the precepts of the Jewish law, insists that there is "no marriage where the wife is suffered to go free." "Obey your husband!" he says; and Madame will not obey. After the lapse of a year, he has called upon her in her house in London, and each finds the other as inflexible as ever. As the interview advances, each grows colder and more unyielding, and it ends by the gentleman showing himself out of the house, and closing the street door with the bang which Ibsen has rendered effective. This is the prologue.

The story proper opens seventeen years later. Madame Elveda, now an exceedingly stately matron approaching forty, has returned to London, after years of travel, and is staying with her lovely daughter, Francesca, in a hotel at Charing Cross. Madame has not been idle since the prologue closed. Her life is dominated by an idea—that rather noisy idea of the emancipation of woman. She has written a terrific work upon the subject, "Woman in Western Europe," which, having been translated into all the languages of Europe, is in the way to be forgotten. Not so the author; and Madame, with her daughter and her ducats—she has a fortune of £60,000 a year in French *rentes*—is presently established in the biggest house in Cromwell Road, the acknowledged Leader of the Movement. "We are Spanish Moors," Madame has said, and Society, staggered by the millions, acquiesces. The Leader of the Movement has sought passionately to entrain her daughter in it, and the Francesca of this period is so far obedient that she has written a play on the subject of Vashti, "The Rebel Queen," which is acted in Cromwell Road with appropriate scenery. In reality, however, Francesca draws no nearer to the hopes of her mother. She does not believe in Vashti; she is secretly bored by the Movement; she feels like a girl immured in a harem. The world has been no more than a vast hotel to her; she has sat at the window and watched the passing show, understanding nothing of it and feeling no part in it. Her mother's wealth has served her as a sort of Magic Knob; she presses it and has whatever she desires. She has refused her sweetheart, Harold

Alleyne—a young man of physical science with an earldom in prospect—because mother has said that woman must be free; but she does not quite make it out, and is not distinctly happy. Her friend Clara Angelo, daughter of Mr. Aldebert Angelo, a wealthy Jewish *bric-à-brac* dealer, says, "You must do as the men do, my dear; you must go to the Life School." But poor Francesca knows naught of any Life School. Meanwhile, Madame marches proudly at the head of the great Movement, dictates letters to two typists,

suspects not her daughter's disaffection, and fears no evil. But the arm of coincidence is about to be outstretched. Mr. Aldebert Angelo, who hears much of the Elvedas from Clara, is puzzled by the name and by those Spanish Moor pretensions, and sets on thinking. Presently he arrives at some curious facts. The grandiose lady in Cromwell Road is not a Spanish Moor, but a Jewess, an apostate Jewess, and her fortune was made for her by a Jewish great-grandfather, one Charles Albu, who amassed it out of the pork, bacon, and biscuits which he sold to the English army during the Peninsular War. Madame, in a word, is a child of the Ghetto; one of "the People," whom she has cast off, and whom she has zealously taught her daughter to despise. Now, Angelo is also an Albu—Angelo being, so to speak, a mere *nom de bric-à-brac*, and he and his family are cousins of the Head of the Movement, the ineffable "Spanish Moor." Mr. Angelo cares none for the cousinship, but it seems unrighteous that the contractor's ducats should go out of the family. He unfolds his scrip to his brother, Mr. Sydney Bernard (in this case a *nom de pari-mutuel*, for Mr. Bernard is a layer of the odds), and while he is doing so who should appear but Emanuel Elveda, with a letter of introduction from Angelo's Hamburg correspondent, and a request for employment in wood-carving. It is the affair of a moment for Angelo to engage him and to pledge his brother to receive him as a lodger, and now the

coil is well wound. The unwinding is, in Mr. Besant's hands, a lengthened but not unskilful process. The brothers Albu communicate their knowledge of the cousinship to Madame Elveda, who would have thanked them more cordially to keep it to themselves, or to divulge it in confidence to the marines. Emanuel carves wood in Sydney's back garden, which overlooks a fine graveyard, and talks philosophy to all comers. He has made a prodigious discovery while on his travels, and he carries it to Harold Alleyne, whom he had met in a desert. It is a sort of millennial discovery, which is to put an end to war by the employment of the deadliest weapon of war ever devised—so simple, too, that one adult or child may go out and conquer an army with it. "Whaur's Davit's wee bit sling noo?" as the Scot said. At Sydney's Emanuel is seen by Clara Angelo, on a visit to her cousin Nelly, and she comes accidentally to learn who he is, and to learn also that he does not



FRANCESCA AND HER FATHER.—ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH.

* "The Rebel Queen." By Walter Besant. Three volumes. London: Chatto and Windus.

know he has a daughter Francesca. How to bring father and daughter together? Clara, the brightest and most real creature in the book, arranges it. Francesca wants to get out of the harem, and see the world from the standpoint of persons who have not a Magic Knob. Clara contrives that Francesca also shall go as a lodger to Uncle Sydney's under the protection of Cousin Nelly. She goes, and meets her father; but the recognition does not take place. Still, she falls under his fascination—and Emanuel, if a suspicion prolix in his conversation, is a very fascinating character—gets her mind open, sees more clearly than before that the Movement is moonshine, and comes in the course of time to accept at Emanuel's lips the revelation that she, too, is a child of the Ghetto, a veritable Jewess. As a submissive Jewess, she learns obedience to the Law (all these capitals are Mr. Besant's, not mine), and when Harold comes again she is sweetly dumb concerning the rights of woman. Emanuel grows to think that his Discovery, which is to abolish war, is likely to make war the most exciting pastime in creation; so he leaves it as a legacy to the President of the Royal Society (notoriously a man of blood), and at once withdraws to the Desert with a handbag, accompanied by Francesca, who is to return and marry Harold. I have done no justice to the story, which I read from end to end, and have left myself no space to comment on it.

T. H.

HOW SUNDAY MAY BE SPENT IN LONDON.

In the course of a debate in the House of Commons several years ago, Mr. Bradlaugh, with much humour and amid great laughter, offered to conduct the then Home Secretary in a hansom cab on a round of the Sunday meetings in the Metropolis. Tradition does not say whether Mr. Matthews accepted the valuable assistance of the late Member for Northampton; but there are certainly many people who know little of this phase of the Sunday question. While the battle wages fiercely over the Sunday opening of the People's Palace and National Gallery, the large number of lectures and entertainments regularly given on the seventh day in London alone are suffered to go unnoticed. And, indeed, these Sunday gatherings may well escape general attention. There is scarcely a whisper of them in the daily papers, and the only information the uninitiated can obtain is to be found in one or two working-class organs which gratuitously announce them. An inquirer from Belgravia or Tyburnia, bent on a voyage of discovery, would probably find himself in need of the guidance Mr. Bradlaugh could so well have given. But, for all that, these numerous Sunday meetings do exert some influence for good or for evil, and are in several respects worthy of attention.

Many good people may be surprised to learn that on a recent Sunday seventy-seven lectures and fifty-nine entertainments were given within the postal radius of the Metropolis. The meeting-places were Radical clubs and working men's institutes, public halls and public-houses. The meetings were held in all parts of London, but the largest number were held in the eastern and south-eastern districts. The entertainments comprised concerts, recitals, and dramatic performances, while the lectures might be classified under the headings of politics, literature, Secularism, and Socialism. The political lectures numbered thirty-one and the literary twelve, while eighteen were in advocacy of Socialism and sixteen of Secularism. There was great variety in the subject-matter, the unemployed being the favourite topic. To all the entertainments a small charge for admission—threepence or sixpence—is made, but to most of the lectures the stranger is admitted free. The audience may number anything from twenty-five to 500, but the average attendance at both lectures and entertainments is probably 150. This sum multiplied by 136—the number of meetings on the Sunday in question—gives nearly 20,000 persons as the number attending these places for secular purposes. Not a very large number, perhaps, compared with the 500,000 who, according to a recent census, attend the churches and chapels of London; but, still, among such there must be the parents of a great many children, and the number is undoubtedly an increasing one.

Naturally, the audiences of these Sunday gatherings are almost wholly composed of working men, but in some neighbourhoods a fair sprinkling of the middle class will be found. The lecturers, however, generally afford a more interesting study of character than the audiences. There are two or three fairly well-known names—an eccentric divine, an amiable scientist, or an aggressive politician—in the list of Sunday lecturers; but most of those who discourse on subjects which range from the French Revolution and the First Reform Bill to the science of Huxley and the theology of Farrar are obscure individuals of earnest mien, who evidently believe they have a serious purpose in life and a great mission to perform. To a certain journeyman tailor of our acquaintance a Sunday lecture is the chief joy of existence, and he will prepare his "points" while he plies his needle. Of course, other speakers at these haunts of advanced thought are distinctly of the demagogic order. The entertainments, for the most part, if given on any other day but Sunday, would be considered by everybody harmless enough. They consist chiefly of noisy concerts by "nigger" minstrels, performances of popular stage-plays by an amateur company, or a number of professionals in reduced circumstances, or readings from various authors by gentlemen who receive a small sum for their services. Most of the meetings are held in dingy halls and close rooms, but some take place in tavern parlours. In this case, although it must be said that good order prevails, the audience indulge in pipes and glasses, and the lecture or entertainment proceeds amid the fumes of tobacco and spirits.

A CURIOUS HINDOO HOLIDAY.

Bombay has settled down quietly again, and the "Ganesh Chaturthi" holiday of the Hindoos—held on Sept. 14, the day sacred to Ganesh or Indra, the Lord of Rain in the Hindoo Pantheon, who rides an immense elephant named Ayrawat—passed off without disturbance. Ganesh, is the son of Mahadev and his wife Parvati. "The legend," says an Indian newspaper, "is that when Mahadev awoke from one of his inconveniently long trances in the Himalaya Mountains he went to Kylas to see how his better-half, the fair Parvati, had fared during his long absence. Parvati, however, being utterly ignorant of the honour intended to her by the approach of her liege lord, had issued strict injunctions to her two children, one of whom was Ganesh or Ganputti, and the other her girl Okha, not to allow anybody in any circumstances to intrude upon her privacy, as she would be engaged in performing her ablutions. When Mahadev arrived at the



PRESENTS FOR THE PRIESTS.

door, his rough demeanour and his appearance like that of a vagabond who had declared a deadly feud against the use of soap, water, and towel considerably alarmed the girl Okha. She ran away in fear of her life, and lay concealed in a place of safety. Ganesh, on the contrary, sternly ordered the 'visitor' not to approach the sacrosanct place that he was appointed to guard. The powerful Mahadev could not believe his eyes when he saw himself, before whom all the other gods trembled, being braved by a mere beardless boy. He tried to brush past Ganesh, but the brave boy was not to be thwarted even by the *brusquerie* of the great god. A violent struggle ensued between father and son, the former of whom, enraged beyond bounds, was obliged to have recourse to his potent trident, by a single stroke of which he rendered Ganesh headless. When Mahadev learnt from Parvati the fact that he had killed his valiant son, the god was beside himself with the poignancy of his grief. He got an elephant, which was at hand at the moment, killed it, and, taking off its head, placed it on the neck of his son's body, and muttering an incantation threw the elixir of life on it. The head and trunk combined, and Ganesh was brought to life. Parvati blessed her son for preventing the encroachments of what he believed to be a stranger, and cursed her timid daughter, who had fled on the first appearance of danger. Not to be behindhand in recognising the stoutness of the valiant Ganesh, whose rough treatment Mahadev still smarted under, Mahadev blessed him with the words that 'because of the valour thou hast shown in protecting thy mother's honour, do thou always receive precedence in homage, honour, and worship before the whole of the gods, including myself.' This is ascribed as the reason why Ganesh is first invoked at the beginning of all auspicious occasions. The Hindoos, high and low, make it a point of religion in Bombay to celebrate the Ganesh festival with becoming ceremony." The illustration shows the presents given to the priests on the occasion.

About four years ago a couple of incidents happened with regard to two out of the many Ganputti processions, which are not quite forgotten. While a procession was passing along the Babool tank, a Mogul, rushing up from a mosque, made straight for the palanquin in which the idol was seated, picked it up from its place, dashed it into the tank, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning. Another incident was the offering of similar violence to another Ganesh by four Borahs, who subsequently expressed their contrition for what had happened.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



How Captain Bellamy's life was saved at Tsi-Chau has never yet been told.

Every officer and man who belonged to the *Chrysolite* on that disastrous night recollects, of course, that, while endeavouring in the darkness to storm the fort, the Captain fell, and that when our people were driven back headlong to the boats he, with many others, was missing. Everyone remembers, also, that when, on the following morning, the Chinamen were shelled out of the place and the bluejackets and marines again landed, Captain Bellamy was found lying, not where he had fallen, but a couple of hundred yards to the right, sheltered on the side of the enemy by a thick stone wall. His left leg was smashed at the knee by a jingal ball, but round his thigh was a bluejacket's silk handkerchief, neatly applied in such a way that a nickel tobacco-box placed beneath it effectively compressed the femoral artery and stopped the bleeding. It was well known that both box and handkerchief had belonged to James Larch, the Captain's coxswain, whose dead body, with half-a-dozen bullets through it, was found on the enemy's side of the same wall. Captain Bellamy himself acknowledged from the first that he owed his life solely to Larch's devotion and skill. Yet the whole story has never yet been told. Captain Bellamy's recent death puts me in possession of his private journal, and so enables me to tell the tale.

When the *Chrysolite* was commissioned at Portsmouth for the China Station, Captain Bellamy took a house at Hong Kong, and in due course Mrs. Bellamy and her only daughter, Violet, followed him thither. In the second year of the commission the *Chrysolite* was at Hong Kong for several successive months, and during that period the ladies came on board nearly every day. There were picnics on shore and water-parties afloat, and, if not in the *Chrysolite*, then in the house, or in the boats or on the various expeditions, James Larch, the Captain's coxswain, was in continual attendance upon Miss Violet and her mother. Violet Bellamy was then barely eighteen. In England she had led a somewhat dull life, and at Hong Kong she lost no time in redressing the balance of her existence, which was by no means dull there. It was not, perhaps, her fault that every officer of the garrison and of the squadron was either in love with her or was prepared to be, for she gave no special encouragement to anyone. On the other hand, she discouraged no one. The larger the number of her admirers the greater was the enjoyment which she derived from the situation. Among them she was like a child in a room full of toys. Some she damaged, some she smashed irretrievably, but without the slightest malice or wickedness. She simply had never realised

the powers and responsibilities of a very pretty face and figure, supplemented by high spirits, untiring activity, and abundant health; and, although she spread ruin around her, she never for an instant intended to do harm to anybody. There were many who suffered. Commander Corcoran, of the flagship, Major Brownleigh, of the Royal Bucks, Staff-Surgeon Bennett, of the *Bridport*, Lieutenant Maplin, in command of the *Borer*, and at least half-a-dozen sub-lieutenants and midshipmen, besides army subalterns and civilians, were turned upside down by Violet Bellamy. And if these, who only encountered her at social functions, were so seriously upset, it is little to be wondered at—when we recollect that human nature is not confined to the classes—that James Larch also was overbalanced. His associations with her were, though in one sense more distant and more purely conventional than those of any gentleman in the colony, of a privileged character. He helped her to mount when she went for a ride; he wrapped her cloak around her when she left the ballroom; he carried her a hundred times from the ship's boats to the shore, or vice-versâ, lest she might wet her feet. Her breath had fanned his face, her light form had rested in his arms, and while he never by word, and seldom even by look, betrayed his feelings, he nevertheless steadfastly, and with all his being, worshipped her.



Every officer of the garrison and of the squadron was either in love with her or was prepared to be.

Larch was a young and smart petty-officer. As such he had a promising career before him, and no doubt he would have been wise had he strictly minded his own business and endeavoured to be content with the sphere in which it had pleased Providence to place him. But, like many of his betters, he went down before Violet Bellamy.

It was at the beginning of the third year of the commission that the Chrysolite was suddenly despatched to Tsi-Chau. There had been a riot



He was left lying, with his left knee mangled.

and a massacre there, and Captain Bellamy was ordered to teach the local mandarins a severe lesson.

One morning the Chrysolite arrived off the place, and sent in certain demands, which, unless complied with in three hours, were to be enforced by means of the resources of civilisation. The three hours elapsed, the demands were not granted, and with absolute punctuality the Chrysolite began to shell the fort from her 6-in. B.L. guns. The Chinamen lay low, and did not reply with so much as a single shot. Misled by their silence, Captain Bellamy, after dusk had fallen, led ashore a much weaker landing party than he would have employed had he anticipated resistance. Not until the men had tumbled out of the boats did the enemy open fire, and then the Captain knew that he had made a mistake. He still hoped that he might avert disaster by rushing the fort, and he made the attempt, but, as has been already shown, he failed and fell. His men surged past him for a few yards, but were then repulsed and driven back pell-mell. In the confusion and darkness they missed him, and he was left lying, with his left knee mangled, to bleed to death or to get a speedier quietus from one of the many bullets that were whistling after the retreating bluejackets.

It is astonishing that he escaped being hit a second time, for not only were the Chinamen firing with rifles from the fort, but the men in the boats were using their machine guns. In five minutes, though, the worst of the storm passed away, and, with the lull, Captain Bellamy saw a dark figure slowly drawing near him from the right. He fully expected to find that his visitor was one of the enemy armed with a mission to put an end to him, or, perhaps, to drag him into the fort, where death might be administered a little at a time; and, though a brave man, he was much relieved when he was able to distinguish that the new-comer was one of his own people.

"Beg pardon, Sir; I hoped it was you," whispered a voice, which the Captain at once recognised as that of his coxswain.

"Hoped!" growled the Captain. "What do you mean by hoping, you scoundrel? Here am I with my knee smashed, bleeding to death."

"Sad news for Miss Violet," muttered Larch.

"Confound Miss Violet, and you too! Bear a hand here and pull me out of this, if you can. The beggars will be blazing away again in a minute."

"Mustn't move you, Sir, till I've tied up your leg," said Larch, who had already taken off his handkerchief, and was satisfying himself as to the position of the wound and the quantity of blood that was being lost. "It's that big artery on the inside of your leg, Sir, that's got to be attended to. If you won't mind my using my 'bacey box and my handkerchief—so—now I'll twist it close."

"Hang it! you're twisting my leg off," cried the Captain.

"Never mind, Sir," said Larch. "I've stopped the—"

At that moment the Chinese in the fort opened fire again.

"What the dickens is the matter with you, Larch?" demanded the Captain.

For an instant, the coxswain, who had drawn back with a shudder, was silent. When he spoke again it was with an altered voice. "They've hit me, Sir, I think," he said.

"Then run, man, and take shelter," urged the Captain. "I'm all safe now for an hour or two, if they don't come out to look for me."

"There's a wall a little to the right, Sir," said the coxswain, who paid no attention to his chief's orders, "and I think I can get you behind it if you can drag yourself on to my back as I crawl. Only, don't disturb the bandage, Sir."

Captain Bellamy, with a great effort, managed by degrees to work himself on to the man's back and to clasp Larch round the neck. "I hope, Larch," he said, "that you're not risking too much; but if we get through this there'll be a Victoria Cross for you as certainly as there'll be a wooden leg for me."

"Beg pardon, Sir," muttered Larch, who was now crawling slowly with his burden towards the wall, "but I don't want any Victoria Cross. Would they promote me, do you think, Sir?"

"I don't doubt it, Larch; you'll get your warrant."

The coxswain stopped suddenly.

"What's the matter?" cried the Captain.

Larch resumed his laborious crawl. "I was only thinking," he explained.

"Won't you be wiser to defer your thinking until we are under the lee of that wall?" growled the Captain. "If those fellows fire any more we're done for."

The coxswain made no reply, but dragged himself on, yard by yard, until at length he gently deposited his load behind the thick stone shelter. As he made a motion as if to return whence he had come, the Captain cried, "Stay in here, you idiot; where the dickens are you going to?"

Larch sank down by the Captain's side. "Beg pardon, Sir," he said, after a pause, "but may I speak my mind out to you just for this once as between man and man?"

"Certainly you may," replied the Captain, somewhat astonished at the question.

Having got permission, Larch neither hesitated nor attempted to restrain himself. His confession came with a rush. "I've been a fool," he said. "I knew it all along, only I wouldn't see it. I've had mad dreams of promotion, not to a warrant only, but to a commission. I've thought of nothing but her. I've kissed the earth she has trodden upon. I've hoped; I've prayed. Look in that 'bacey box when they take off your bandage, and you'll find a bit of her hair that I begged from her maid. Yet I know quite well that it can't be. For her sake I wouldn't have it to be if it could be. And there's only one end to it. She mustn't know; but I can tell you, Sir, that, though you are my captain, it wasn't for that that I went out to look for you to-night. It was because you are her father—Miss Violet's—and may God bless her and forgive me!"

He staggered to his feet, and, without another word, bent his head and dashed towards the fort, firing his revolver wildly as he went.

The enemy answered with a volley, and the Captain heard the coxswain fall on the other side of the wall.



He dashed towards the fort, firing his revolver wildly as he went.

THE YOUNGEST "HERO" ON THE STAGE.

A TALK WITH MR. FRANK FENTON.

"Come in!" were the first words that met my ear (writes a *Sketch* representative) when I tapped at the door of a certain dressing-room "behind the scenes" at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The owner of the voice was Mr. Harry Nicholls, who was busy "making up" for the delightful part of Captain Danby.



Photo by A. Beverley and Son, Blackpool.

MR. FRANK FENTON

AS RUPERT LEE IN "LORD ANERLEY."

H. Fenton, the frank (if the pun may be allowed) Lord Avondale of the latest Drury Lane drama.

"Oh!" said he, "you've come to put me under fire. Do you mind waiting three minutes? I'm on in this scene."

As he spoke he vanished through the door, and I saw him the next moment in the luxurious Piccadilly chambers of Captain Chandos. When he returned he declared himself at my service.

"How do you enjoy your invasion of the London stage?" I asked him.

"Immensely—immensely," was his enthusiastic reply. "You know, a provincial actor, if he is worth his salt, always cherishes the hope that he will one day appear in a good part in a London theatre. In fact, you know, it is quite a laudable ambition."

"I heard you described the other day as the youngest hero on the stage. Is that a fact?"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile. "I think that is correct."

"What led you to become an actor?" I asked.

"Well, the stage had always a great attraction for me, and finding art—for I am a bit of an artist—a failure, I began to consider whether I couldn't earn a living on the boards. I got my first engagement at the Princess's in 1886. I began as low as any man could, for I was nothing more than a powdered flunkey. The play was 'Harvest,' in which, curiously enough, Mr. Arthur Dacre took a leading part. On the last night of the production, although I did not then know him, he came to me and asked if I had an engagement to follow 'Harvest.' 'No,' I mournfully answered. 'Well,' he said, 'I've no doubt I shall be able to get you something.' Shortly afterwards, through his kind influence, I got a small part in 'Hard Hit' at the Haymarket. I shall never forget how this kindly action of Arthur Dacre's inspired me to fresh effort. I did not see him again after 'Hard Hit' until I came to rehearse for 'A Life of Pleasure,' in which we play together."

"And what followed this?" was my next query.

"Some real hard work in the country, playing the lead in touring

"Ah," I said, "I apologise—a mistake."

"Don't mention it, my boy; can you tell me who's won the Lincolnshire Handicap?" was the merry reply.

Then I stumbled along and read the cards of the actors on the different dressing-room doors. One was that of the hearty, manly Henry Neville; another was the aforesaid Harry Nicholls; yet another bore the famous name of Arthur Dacre, that "consummate and scoundrelly villain"; a fourth was that of the best of low comedy Jews, William Elton; while the fifth bore the name of the man of whom I was in search—Frank

companies. Here I had some experience of that bane of the profession, the bogus manager. With one of these swindlers we had quite an encounter. I had been with him three months, when he re-engaged me, together with some new people, for another tour. On the Friday of our first week he came to us and said, 'Business has been so bad, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall be compelled to pay you only part salaries.' As we knew business had been good, we determined, if possible, to obtain our full salaries from the treasury. Saturday night came. We played out the first act, and then sat down, without changing our dress. In a few minutes the manager came round, fuming. 'What the — is the meaning of this?' 'We're not going to act until we're paid,' was my reply. Then he brought up the local manager, who finally, to save a great row in front, there and then paid our salaries. Our object in striking was for the principle of the thing, but we were also very glad to get paid. Unfortunately for the new members of the company, some of whom had travelled great distances, the scoundrelly manager vanished after receiving his share of the Saturday's proceeds. Happily for myself, I got some further engagements, all of which I found valuable, if from the point of view of experience only."

"Didn't you appear in London afterwards?"

"Yes; I got an engagement in 1888, with Wilson Barrett, in 'Hamlet.' My part was Rosencrantz."

"Which do you prefer, the Shaksperian or the modern school of acting?"

"The modern school, by all means. I am now beginning to think that to succeed in the modern drama or play you must be trained in the modern school, and vice-versa. You see, the action, the manner of speech, and the surroundings are so different. On leaving the Princess's, I had some more touring, and eventually joined Miss Kate Vaughan, playing seconds to her lead. Then came the first really big jump I was able to make in my profession. I was engaged

to play the original dual rôle in the provinces of Laroque and Luversan in 'A Man's Shadow.' You may be sure I was not a little proud of playing parts which Mr. Tree had made his own."

"And your next engagement was—"

"In 'The Judge,' funnily enough, at Terry's. Then, in '91, I had another queer change, playing 'The Spider' in 'The Silver King.' Some time before this I had a curious and unfortunate experience. One morning a wire came from home stating that my father was seriously ill. I went home to see him, and returned to play in the evening. When I was about to go on the stage I received another telegram. It ran, 'Father dead.' You can imagine my feelings. In the piece we were playing, strange to say, I had a stage father who died. Even now I cannot think how I managed to go through the part."

"Did you get any more of Mr. Tree's parts in the country?"

"Yes; I was the original John Christison in 'The Dancing Girl' on tour, and afterwards the Duke of Guisebury. They were splendid parts. In the latter part of last year I played Rupert Lee in 'Lord Anerley'; in March this year starred as the Solicitor in the play of that name. Then, at last, I obtained what had all along been my ambition—a really good engagement in London. Sir Augustus Harris gave me a part in 'A Life of Pleasure,' and here I am. I literally revel in my character of Lord Avondale. The part suits me down to the ground; the audiences are delightful, and Sir Augustus, as everyone knows, is a splendid manager. What more could you want?"

"Echo answers, 'What?'" was my response.

Before Mr. Fenton could again speak his dresser came up to him.

"Time to dress, Sir," he whispered.

"Ah, forgive me while I put my uniform on," said the actor, turning to me.

As he buckled on his sabre he smiled and said, "That reminds me of a rather funny incident. When Mr. Irving produced 'Faust' at the Lycæum, a small country company, of which I was leading man, determined to do the same. The Faust of the occasion was a lady; I was Valentine. Faust had a mortal horror of swords. She had great difficulty in pulling her weapon from its scabbard; and when she did get it out she trembled so much that I thought she would faint. When it came to the duel in the last act, Faust drew her sword, but really couldn't use it. To bring the play to a close, Mephistopheles, before his cue, had to come forward and dispatch me."



Photo by Dinnie, Aberdeen.

AS LAROQUE IN "A MAN'S SHADOW."



Photo by Broadhead, Leicester.

AS THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY IN "THE DANCING GIRL."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The most humorous spectacle just now offered to the gaze of the world at large is the elaborate rapture, long drawn out, of the French nation over the Russian sailors. The semi-Latinised Kelt with a dash of German who is the average Frenchman is at all times capable of weeping profusely for a worthy object; the Slav, who is very like the Kelt in many ways, but with a substratum of dogged Asiatic obstinacy below his versatile and excitable surface feelings, can do much in the lachrymose line. Never was there such a double torrent of salt water and sweet wine as was opened for the Toulon-Paris festivities. We English are, as we know, unsympathetic; we prefer our celebrations and our champagne dry. As a nation we have not what a French humourist happily called *le don des larmes*. As Mr. Swinburne sings—

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears,
Grief, with a glass that ran.

Napoleon prophesied that before very long Europe would be either Cossack or Republican; he did not contemplate that France would be both. Any unscrupulous Indian civil servant or British officer who has gone through his course of Russian might now pick up a fine living in Paris by talking the tongue of the Muscovite or a colourable imitation thereof. Russian dishes and viands—and very good some of them are—will now be the only fashionable eating: Paris is resolutely setting herself to eat and like caviare, only it is now “caviare to the Admiral,” who has replaced the mysterious military officer mentioned by Shakspeare.

But after the feasts and the fireworks, the toasts and the tears, what then? The French nation can easily settle the dinner bills—and, probably, doctor's bills—of its guests; but what will remain of it all? Is there any alliance? and, if so, what is it, and how far does each side mean to keep it? Merely defensive, say French and Russian newspapers, with wonderful unanimity. If so, why these tears and transports? Men do not adore those whom they once distrusted or ignored, without more reason than that they have agreed together with former strangers to repel any attack, at a time when nobody seems in the least to be thinking of even threatening either party to the bargain. If Brown, who has previously been on bad or indifferent terms with Smith, meets the latter, and says that if anybody tries to pull Smith's nose he, Brown, will aid in thrashing the aggressor, does Smith fall on his neck and weep there, and invite him to dinner and limitless champagne? I trow not. He says, “Thanks; nobody wants to pull my nose, and if anybody does I can protect myself.” But if Brown goes to Smith and says, “My dear fellow, you remember how Jones once gave you a thrashing, and how Robinson cut you out of that nice bit of business. Now, you may quarrel with one of them again—of course, I advise you not to; but one never knows what *may* happen. If you *should* be provoked into hitting Jones or pulling Robinson's nose—well, I never liked either of them, and I have my own grievances against both, and I will back you up”—would not Smith's dining-room and cellar doors fly open at once to Brown?

Nations are, after all, but masses of men, and act very often like private individuals. And how about the mooted granting of a French port as a Russian naval station in the Mediterranean? Is a fleet wanted in the Mediterranean to defend the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, the Arctic or North Pacific coasts of the Russian dominions? Obviously not. The Russian fleet permanently stationed at a French port means simply and obviously a two-edged threat against Italy and England.

It means more than this. In the earlier years of the last century a neutral could render such little services as supplying arsenals, or ships, or troops by treaty to a belligerent without joining in the war. Now, however, such kind assistance is no longer allowed. Should England and Russia quarrel now over the Pamirs, the Russian squadron in the Mediterranean would have either to be laid up in harbour or sent out to be eaten up by superior forces, or else France must herself become a belligerent. And as to withdraw aid from Russian ships in the hour of need would obviously sacrifice all hope of future help from Russia, France would have no choice. If this grant of a French port to Russia take place, it will mean that the Czar can by a little adroitness make the Republic take up any quarrel of his as a principal.

However, matters have not gone, and will probably not go, so far. The present Franco-Russian fraternisation will make for peace indeed,

if only it be followed by its probable sequel of a Russian loan to be raised in France. A loan, as Polonius remarked,

Oft loses both itself and friend;

and it is impossible not to see that the present partnership is too one-sided to last. One side kisses, and the other presents the cheek; one takes the risks, and the other the profits—a form of partnership recognised neither by law nor by common sense. The Republic risks money in the present and war in the future; Russia sacrifices only the digestions of her sailors. France and Russia have been allied before in the Seven Years' War and in the Second Armed Neutrality, after Tilsit. What happened afterwards? One thing did happen—France paid the losses, and Russia took the profits.

La France et la Russie sont amies,
Chacune donne à l'autre ce qu'elle a;
La France prête ses économies,
La Russie envoie—son choléra.

MARMITON.

MISS NELLIE NAVETTE.

There's a tide in the affairs of an actress alike with the rest of humanity which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, and Miss Nellie Navette was astute enough to perceive, when she was only fifteen, that the “hit” she made at the Princess's some few years ago in “The Love that Kills” with a dance called the “Arlésienne,” in which she executed a French farandole in a gypsy costume to the music of Wagner's “Carmen,” was the determining line of her subsequent successful career. Since then she has never had to “breast the stream,” but has been carried onward by the buoyancy of her own individuality and by the energy of time to a sea of popularity which has the farthest limits. Even in her novitiate she appeared after only three months' practice as a *première danseuse* (a muslin parasol with two pink handles) at the Albert Hall and at the Canterbury; but it was her “Arlésienne” which stamped her at once as a character dancer, in which style a prefacing song gives the dance its *raison d'être*, and which led her to the *Él Dorado* of the halls. And to that line she has consistently adhered. With regard to “dash and go,” finish and perfection of steps, she need fear no rival. A very agreeable presence, a symmetry of form, a certain *chic* in style, and a graceful agility place her quite at the pinnacle of her line of art. “Nellie” never “fakes” her steps—that is, never adopts those artifices of pedal movement which just look well from “the front.” She rows the stroke well out, to use boating parlance. Every step is accurately executed; nor does she have recourse to shoes with “jinks” to help her through. Nothing is ever slurred. With her dancing is an art, not simply an effect. I met her the other day after one of her appearances, and I asked her if she invented her dances, when she told me that she has the music played before her, and, seated in her chair, she then thinks out the appropriate dance, with its attendant steps. “Every dance should be as distinct as the music that suggests it, and every individual step should have the same value as the note, whether quaver or crotchet, that is written. Some people think, because I am a dancer, that I come on and dance, as it were, anyhow; but that is not so,” she remarked. “Of course, there are effective finales, as when I strike my hands together in one of my ‘kick-ups’”—“The highest and the most agile I ever witnessed,” I interposed—“but I do that sometimes when the stalls want ‘waking up,’ and as a finishing ‘break-up.’ By-the-bye, one of my dances, the Electric Dance, broke up with a *lav-suit*, but it was a question of terms, and would scarcely interest you.” To enumerate all Miss Nellie Navette's successes would be to entirely occupy this page, but I may recall her “Pas-de-Quatre Song,” her “Whistling Song,” and her “Darkies' Song,” which last seems as if it would never be “played out.” Her “Red and Blue,” in which she appeared half-costumed as a hussar and skirted with Union Jacks, as representative of the soldier and the sailor, received distinct recognition from a royal duke whose career dates from Crimean days; while the medley of music of “The British Grenadiers” and the hornpipe—and no one can beat her at that—awoke true patriotic feeling. Miss Navette's latest song and dance is illustrative of the milkmaid—

Silks and satins for the girls in town,
Flowers and feathers their heads to crown;
But a plain sun-bonnet and a russet gown
For Mary, the country milkmaid.
They may go to the ball or play,
Dance all night and flirt all day;
Not one of them, all can dance away
Like Mary, the country milkmaid.

And she winds up with a most “fetching” dance to the tune of “Sir Roger de Coverley.” “Were not ‘Round the Maypole’ and ‘My Jack's a Sailor’ very popular songs?” I asked. “Oh, certainly; but they are almost ancient history; but, if you want to come to that, I might as well mention my song on the Lady Cricketers—I'm rather proud of it, because Mr. Murdoch, of the Australian team in '84, handed me up an A1 cricket bat and ball one night on the termination of my song, and they are, with Ally Sloper's Award of Merit, among my most treasured possessions in my drawing-room just off the old Brixton Road, you know.” Miss Nellie Navette has for the last two years written the majority of her songs, while her talent has completely given her the choice of halls for her engagements.

MISS NELLIE NAVETTE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside and Regent Street.



MISS NAVETTE.



IN AN ELECTRIC DANCE.



AS A BAT.



IN THE DARKIES' DANCE.

FISHERS AND PAINTERS.

Farther and farther westward I travelled at the height of the holiday season in search of a haven of refuge from the ubiquitous patron of *chairs-à-bancs* and badly-served *tables d'hôte*. From Dartmoor to Exmoor, and thence to the north coast of Cornwall, and farther in a south-westerly direction, I made for Penzance, which, I admit, is not my ideal of an invigorating holiday resort in the middle of an inordinately hot August. But had I not read of the little "school" of artists that had settled at Newlyn, barely two miles to the west of Penzance? And had I not often pictured to myself an ideal life in a colony of kindred souls, of writers, readers, painters, and travellers—an *al fresco* residential club, so to speak, where all the members would have tastes in common, where dress clothes would be as rarely worn as the proverbial fig-leaf of Adam and Eve, and where good-fellowship and a love of nature would be the qualifications for membership?

Leaving the promenade, the hotels, and the bathing machines of Penzance behind me, I crossed a miniature stone bridge that marks the eastern boundary-line of Newlyn, and breathed the atmosphere of art and nature that pervades the most picturesque fishing village in England. On my left, just below the bridge on the bank of the streamlet that runs down to the sea, were a couple of amateur photographers, armed to the teeth with cameras and cases of "plates." "Junketing Mammon again!" said I to myself; but on further inspection I forgave them. They were photographers; but, at any rate, for a while they were artists. There, on a big stone at the edge of the river, sat a little Cornish fisher-girl, with naked feet and legs, a handkerchief tied round her head, and a basket by her side. No professional beauty, consciously sitting for her portrait, or paid model, could have posed herself as she had done for those photographers. As natural as if no one had asked her to sit there, and as if no one were looking on, the little child made such a picture that I was almost tempted to beg the operators—I mean the artists—to send me a print of their dainty subject.

Farther on, I found festoons of bunting across the narrow street, and groups of bonnie girls with bronzed arms akimbo, and bronzed faces full of expectancy, and fishermen in heavy sea-boots lining the road. For the moment, the scene suggested a religious fête in a Brittany village, but before I could inquire what was the cause of the flutter of flags and of excitement a little procession turned the corner and came towards me—a happy combination of the commonplace and the novel and picturesque. It was a village wedding-party. The bride was faultlessly attired in a dove-coloured gown, cut with a long waist—note this, ye ladies!—and a most becoming bonnet. The bridegroom wore, 'alas! a tall hat, a frock-coat, and a pair of lavender-coloured unmentionables; and the bridesmaids and groomsmen, three couples in all, were as faultlessly attired. But in spite of the too civilised orthodoxy of their dress there was something refreshing about the scene—about the pink cheeks of the girls, who were not quite of the fishing community, and the healthy sunburn of the men, and about the shouts of the children as they forced handfuls of rice down the collar of the laughing bridegroom. I longed to invite myself to the wedding-feast, but the object of my visit was to see the artists in that sea-girt home. And so farther on I went up the road, past cottages nearly covered with fuchsia, in the burning sun of an almost tropical climate, and turned down to the left into the heart of the fishing village by a steep winding path, past whitewashed cottages, the white on which was relieved by a liberal covering of pitch to the wood-work, some with vines climbing up the front, and so on to the little quay.

In less than an hour I had stepped out of the civilised world of the Philistine and the tourist into surroundings that made me stand still to take breath and assure myself that I was not gazing on a combined effect of half-a-dozen of the finest landscape, seascape, and figure paintings of a Royal Academy Exhibition. Away in the distance was Mount St. Michael, the glorious rock-bound castle home of Lord St. Levan. The sea was as blue as the Mediterranean under a cloudless sky. The big fishing luggers were getting up sail almost at my feet in the little harbour, and one by one making for the sea, forming a long line of brown sails, stretching out as far as the eye could serve. But it was not the height of the fishing season, and many of the men were mere spectators, leaning over the rail at the edge of the quay; some holding babes in their arms or healthy, clean little children by the hand, watching their comrades starting to try their luck.

None of your "going-for-a-sail-gents" sort of fishermen these! If you wanted to go for a sail, you would have to get them to take you as a favour, and then they would not know what to ask as remuneration, or, probably, would ask nothing, but be glad of your company. These are the men you see only in real fishing villages, where bathing machines

are unknown, or on the walls of a picture gallery. Look at that round-faced, healthy-looking girl, with wavy golden hair and a complexion that a society beauty would envy, in the clean pink gown, that fits her figure as a gown should, devoid of corset or padding. There is a model such as a London artist knows not!

Farther up the same path I came to another passage—I beg pardon, a street—which some facetious painter had named with his brush "Rue des Beaux-Arts," and at the corner, just above the board that thus announced the importance of this thoroughfare, was a flight of steps leading to what once had possibly been a boatbuilder's loft, but was now a studio, at the door of which my heart rejoiced at the sight of the well-known face of Mr. Chevallier Tayler.

"Well, Mr. Tayler," I asked, "tell me, what is your definition of the Newlyn School of Art?"

"My dear Sir," he replied, "I have read of it and heard of it, but I never knew what it was, and no one who lives here is any wiser than I on this subject. The critics say they can identify Newlyn work. Perhaps they can; perhaps we who can see so much of one another and so much of one another's work have unconsciously adopted smatterings of one another's style."

Then we strolled through the village together, and he told me all about the place, the people, and the painters. Several of the older colonists have built themselves studios of a very civilised order, and

the glass roofs and sides of these stand out conspicuously among the more picturesque cottages of the inhabitants. The acknowledged leader of the colony is Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who lives and works there with his charming wife. Mr. Chevallier Tayler has made his home in Newlyn for six years past. Mr. and Mrs. Gotch have also settled down there, and Mr. Norman Garston has a studio in the village, but has partly proved a traitor to the camp by taking up his residence, with his wife and family, in a luxurious villa in Penzance. Among other Newlyn colonists are those who bear the well-known names of Bramley, Fred Hall, Bourdillon, Edwin Harris, Craft, Da Costa, and others.

The sun had set as I bid good-bye to my cicerone, Mr. Tayler. No more boats were going out; Mount St. Michael was just disappearing from view, and some half-dozen fishermen, sitting on the quay, were singing a hymn—singing in parts so correctly and with such sweet melody and perfect harmony as would do credit to a like number of cathedral choristers; and for a quarter of a mile or more in the still summer evening I could hear their voices as I made my way back to Penzance and so-called civilisation.

F. G.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.—STANHOPE A. FORBES. A.R.A.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE LEMON-TREE.—HORACE VAN RUTH.

ART NOTES.

We referred last week to the line-engraving of a picture by Mr. Holman Hunt just published by Messrs. Virtue with their *Art Annual*, a reproduction which will probably be the last of its nature issued during this



THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.—HOLMAN HUNT.

Reproduced from the *Art Annual*.

century. As we observed before, the great line-engravers of old have dropped away one by one, leaving only very few successors, who are now even unable to accept engagements. The engraving under consideration is, however, a very interesting specimen of this past art. The picture is more or less before us as we know it; perhaps there is a certain hardness about the general effect, which modern processes have somewhat effaced; but, on the other hand, there is a solidity and

a completeness in the result which is very satisfactory, and it may be added that Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures are precisely the kind which are useful for illustrating such a process.

Mr. Charles L. Eastlake continues his series of articles in the *Building News* on the Old Masters at the National Gallery. In his last contribution he dealt with the work of the brothers Van Eyck, by one of whom, Jan, the portrait of Jean Arnolfini and his wife now hanging in that gallery was executed. It is indeed a marvellous work, and although, with the remembrance of Rembrandt's "Jewish Rabbi," one would hesitate to go as far as Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and proclaim it the finest portrait in the National Gallery, there can be no doubt that for vitality and vividness of effect it has a wondrous beauty and finish of design. The vicissitudes of the work are worth recalling. It was painted in 1434, and we may suppose that for a certain number of years it belonged to the subjects of the portrait. However that may have been, it belonged, from 1516 to 1524, to Margaret of Austria, from whose possession it passed to a Bruges citizen, and from him to Mary, Queen-Dowager of Hungary. "Imperishable firmness and exquisite delicacy" are the only words—despite frequent quotation—which describe its quality.

More galleries: and the cry is still more galleries. Mr. McLean has just opened his gallery in the Haymarket with a really excellent collection of British and foreign works. Most of these are signed by the usual well-known names; but the work of Herr Melis, a Dutch painter of more or less slight English reputation, deserves more than a cursory examination. He deals, as has been the immemorial Dutch delight, with interiors, and, though the detailed work of his canvases suffers from a somewhat irritating blur and blotchiness, there is something peculiarly rich and grateful in his colour and satisfactory in his composition.



WINTER VIEWS NEAR ZERMATT.—SYDNEY SPENCER.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.



HOMELESS.—C. M. WANE.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.



AN INDIAN GIRL.—A. E. OAKES.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.

Mr. Orchardson contributes a small replica of his well-known "Young Duke," which by its reduction certainly gains in effectiveness.

Will Mr. Henry Moore never grow tired of blue seas—of seas that take upon them, that is, the idealised blue with which he has made us so familiar? One is never so ready to echo the clown's *cliché*, "Here we are again!" as in the encounter with a new work by Mr. Henry Moore. We acknowledge very readily his great artistic quality; his appreciation and power are undeniable; few men can so represent the motion of deep waters and the passage of every kind of wind over their surface; but—toffee for breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner, make one tire even of toffee; and Mr. Henry Moore exhibits another sea at Mr. McLean's Gallery.

On Monday, Oct. 30, the Fine Art Society opened its doors for an exhibition of Mr. Albert Goodwin's paintings and drawings, a notice of which must, necessarily, be postponed till next week. The same observation must apply to the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, which was opened to the public on Saturday, Oct. 28.

The *Athenæum* does well to print the true history of the bust of Tennyson by Woolner which is shortly to be placed in Westminster Abbey, for many misconceptions have been spread abroad in connection with the matter. The first marble bust by Woolner was executed in 1857 from sittings which Tennyson gave the sculptor. This bust was bought for Trinity College, Cambridge, and is now situated in the library of that college. At a later period two other versions of the same work came from the artist's hand, one of which belonged to Mr. Charles Buxton, and is now the property of his widow. The other came into the possession of Mr. Charles Jenner, by whose generous gift it will shortly belong to Westminster Abbey. Apropos of the whole subject, one may remark that Woolner's desire to perpetuate the features of the late Laureate amounted almost to an infatuation. An early medallion was executed by him in 1850, or thereabout, and in 1856 he produced another profile medallion, which was engraved for Moxon's illustrated edition of the "Poems." There is in

existence also a three-quarter medallion of Tennyson by the same artist, which was published in engraving with the illustrated edition of "Enoch Arden" issued by the same publisher. Finally, in 1876, Woolner completed for the Royal Academy a bearded bust of Tennyson, which still remains in the possession of the poet's family. Truly, Woolner seems to have determined that, in a sense different from Shakspeare's, the admonitions of the early sonnets should be well fulfilled in Tennyson's regard.



MADISON SQUARE AND THE HÔTEL BRUNSWICK.

From "Fifth Avenue," in the November Century.



MRS. HUGH E. HOARE.—H. H. HAY CAMERON.
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.

We are glad to hear that the promoters of the next Grafton Gallery exhibition intend to give some more or less important wall-space to the works of Mr. Albert Moore. What it was in our mind to say concerning this admirable painter we have already said. It is well and very well, however, that we should have the opportunity of judging from some such collection as this of the fine decorative quality which this young master possessed. That it will also reveal certain weaknesses, an occasional impotence of expression and coldness of colour, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt; but we make no hesitation in declaring that, as a whole, it will prove a very cogent case against the neglect of the Royal Academy.

Personally, we are not very eager admirers of Blake as an artist. Such work of his which the National Gallery possesses has rather filled our soul with wonder and a little alarm; nor have we professed to find it particularly intelligible—we had almost written intelligent. Nevertheless, in this standpoint we do not expect to find none but enthusiastic supporters, and it remains a fact that, whether from love of art, love of fashion, or love of Blake, there are many who profess themselves as keen admirers of Blake's art. On Monday—the announcement is for such as these—Messrs. Sotheby will sell a collection which will contain many extremely rare specimens of that eccentric poet's artistic labours.

It is, indeed, the age of monuments. But nowhere are artists so busy over the erection of this kind of tribute to the dead as in France. We have already recorded numerous such tributes in these columns, and the announcements continue to grow. Chaplin, the artist, who died more or less recently, has now a monument set up in his honour at Les Andelys, and now M. Frémiet is engaged on the execution of a similar memorial to Meissonier, which will be erected in the principal square at Poissy, which was the customary home of the painter. The late artist will be depicted as he was when at work.

The Photographic Exhibition now on view at the Dudley Gallery is one which will well repay a casual visit. We are fain to range ourselves among those who hesitate to grant the name of artist to the everyday photographer, whose effects are created by nature rather than by the eye and the hand of the painter. Nevertheless, by careful natural selection, one is often able to obtain vastly beautiful effects, and many of the landscapes which are here to be seen are admirably striking. Mr. Hollyer's portraits, for their grave and convincing effects, are among the best work; and Count von Gloeden contributes a very interesting series of studies of the nude in open air. Altogether, the exhibition is a notable one.



PREPARING FOR SHRIMPING.—H. P. ROBINSON.
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.

THE HUMOURS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"HERE'S A LARK!"

Photo by Ethel Marcus.



"YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

Photo by Ethel Marcus.



"WHO'S 'OO?"

From a Photograph by C. F. Treble, exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.



THE BENGALIS, GROTESQUE MIMICS.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE, PARIS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





"With expressions of regret, seven-and-six; without, five."

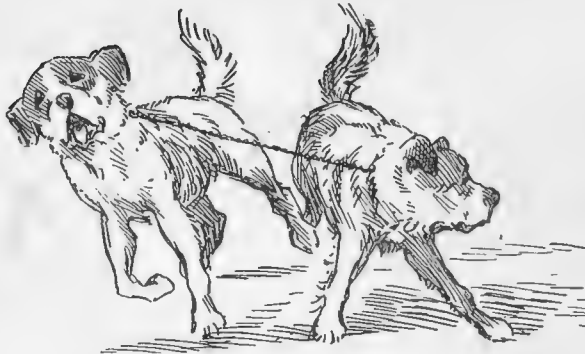
"Without will be sufficient."



SHE : " Why, George, dear, you 've only had this hat a week, and you 've worn it out already!"
 HE : " I wore it out first day, darling ; bought it on purpose."



1. The motive of the verb "to eventuate"



Which may, in its course, pass over many little things

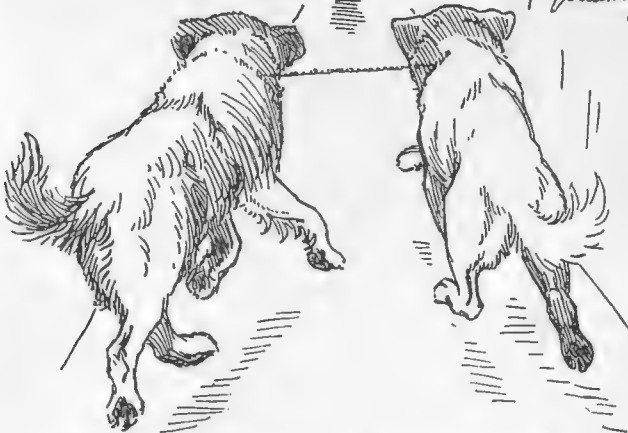


But given the quantity in matter, it may

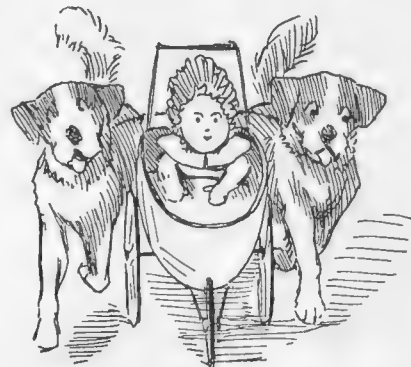


Test its quality (Note the quantity in parenthesis)

"And even though an even blank may ultimately be drawn, thus bracketed, the reverse quality may destrain on quantities."



In effect, a future tense is imagery actuated."

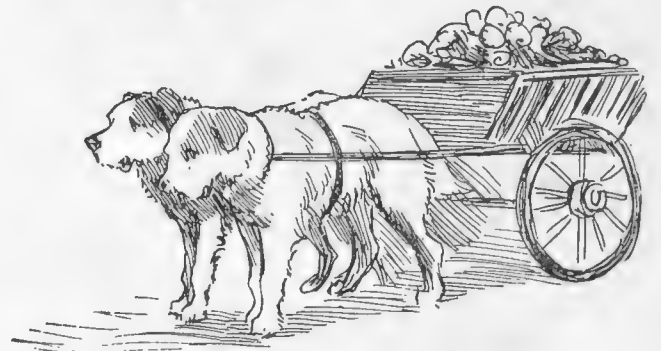


The reasoning of Tense & Case applied in actual principle



Louis Wain,

"The subject matter may conceive an alteration in mood."



"And the verb may after all prove a conception of practical utility."



"Sorry I can't offer you a cigar, old chap; but I've only got this one and another I'm going to smoke immediately after."

A DAY AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS.

Wormwood Scrubs is not one of the world's fairest spots. When a place is particularly pretty, scenery enthusiasts dub it a nook, or one of Nature's masterpieces, but Wormwood Scrubs is above all such æsthetic nomenclature. This locality might readily be termed a patch, or, possibly, a smudge, but it would be decidedly wrong to speak of it in higher terms of praise. Nevertheless, a good, healthy breeze sweeps across the common, and makes your lungs rejoice, in spite of the inartistic appearance of the place. Curiously enough, people have not yet arranged to agree about the spelling of its name, for while the London County Council spell "Scrubs" with one "b," the London and North-Western Railway Company doubles this consonant, and calls the station "Wormwood Scrubbs." Putting aside the question of consonants, we come to the fact that this portion of the Metropolis is a fairly important one, in that it possesses a jail, a gun club, and a rifle range. At the latter many of London's citizen soldiers learn to hit a target—and the target's bull's-eye, if they can—at a distance of one, two, or three hundred yards, as the case may be, standing up, kneeling, or lying at full length. And now for a word as to this musketry course.

The Government allows a grant of thirty-five shillings to every Volunteer that qualifies as an "efficient." To earn this grant each man

must pass out of what is known as the third class. The money, of course, is paid into the regimental account, and goes towards defraying the general expenses. It is clear, therefore, that if a Volunteer fails to make the requisite number of points he loses his regiment the sum named above, and, moreover, renders himself liable to a fine of the amount in question. Inspired with a wholesome fear of that fine, the young soldier strains every nerve to gain the capitulation grant, and generally comes through the trial successfully. Qualifying as a marksman is a very different process to the mere "passing" ordeal. The distances are much longer, as these run from one to eight hundred yards, but,



"Is it clean?"

as this class of shooting is not carried on at the Scrubs, there is no necessity to dwell on it in the present article.

The day at Wormwood Scrubs begins at 8 a.m. and continues till the light is too bad for proper shooting. Different regiments have different days. The day most largely patronised is, of course, Saturday, but shooting on a Saturday afternoon is not a thing of joy, as the range is so crowded, especially at this time of the year. The Volunteer year ends on Oct. 31, and, as I need hardly say, the range is much patronised during October by Volunteers who have put off their shooting until it is impossible to put it off any longer. During the winter the range is little used. At this season the sergeant-instructors do not have a particularly rosy time of it, as meandering around butts in charge of youthful riflemen with a cutting easterly wind blowing can hardly be termed a blissful occupation.

Volunteers begin to arrive at the Scrubs soon after eight in the morning, and keep on coming along by twos and threes or singly. As each man fires, his score is registered by the sergeant-instructor, who makes his report at headquarters at the end of the day.

On the common—which is thoughtfully kept in order by the London County Council—football is indulged in by inhabitants of the district who are fond of that game, so you thus have a varied assortment of occupations, including prison work, rifle practice, pigeon murdering, and football, all within the limited area of less than one square mile. It would seem from this, therefore, that Wormwood Scrubs is an exceptionally gifted neighbourhood, since it produces first-rate criminals, smart athletes, noble sportsmen, and expert marksmen in a quite unequalled manner.

A great quantity of the best Government ammunition is used up at the Scrubs every year. One of the sergeant-instructors I met there gave me a little information about the cartridges and those who fire them. He said: "I reckon, Sir, that between 16,000 and 17,000 Volunteers

come down here to shoot during the year, and, on an average, they fire forty rounds apiece. Taking the number of men at the lower estimate, a little figuring out tells us that about 640,000 rounds are fired here annually. Yes, Mr. Monte Carlo Wells and Messrs. Hobbs, Wright, and Co. are apt to be disturbed occasionally in their reveries on bank-breaking and building societies. When Volunteers want to have a little practice, or take what are called 'sighting shots,' they can have cartridges at the rate of sixpence for ten. Thus the War Office loses a little over



300 yards: kneeling and lying.

twopence-halfpenny on each package, for the manufacture of ten cartridges costs about eightpence-halfpenny. To be exact—and military men are always exact, you know—each package costs the Government eightpence-halfpenny and one-third of a halfpenny. If you are fond of statistics you can reckon up what 640,000 cartridges cost at this rate. Of course, when men are firing their 'class' the cartridges are supplied to them gratis."

Class-firing has its distinctly humorous side. When a recruit comes down for the first time he is generally a trifle nervous; sometimes, indeed, he is "all of a shake." I heard of one young man who, as a protection against the "kicking" of his rifle, stuffed some towels under his coat, and then came down to brave the dangers of the butts. Other recruits, at what I may call their baptismal firing exercise, tremble so much that they are quite unable to take any serious aim at the target, and almost every time they fire up goes the red flag, which signifies that a man has missed the target altogether. A very cautious recruit will, before commencing his work, peer down the barrel of his rifle most anxiously, and hold the weapon up towards the sun, in order to get a better glimpse of its interior. Then he will try the trigger, carefully dust the foresight, laugh in a very strained, unnatural way, and at length, after much elaborate preparation, get up and fire at the wrong target.

In conclusion, I wish to point out that Wormwood Scrubs is well worth a visit. One word of warning, however. Should the strolling pedestrian wander target-wards he will probably go home with a well-shaped Martini bullet imbedded in some portion of his anatomy, for Volunteers have a peculiar way of picking off people who intrude on the privacy of the range. R. S. W.-B.



Firing at the 100-yards range.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BRANDS.

"What's the use of carrying the road farther on?" said the district surveyor, after Mr. and Mrs. Deane Brand (Miss Kate Chard) had come to reside in Addison Road, Bedford Park; "no one will go beyond their door." So the road remains a *cul-de-sac* to this day. Hence it is that their



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

MISS KATE CHARD.

hospitality is farther-reaching in its effects than the limits of the "inner man" of their numerous friends, for it has affected the map of London.

It was not my first visit to their picturesque and elegantly furnished cottage, at once a little gallery of works of art, choice and curious, as well as a museum of the spoils of travel in distant lands, and of strange wild fowl, which embraced an ostrich and an emu. Ah! but these were now "gone, gone from my gaze," I remarked.

"Yes, very much gone," rejoined my host in the hall, "and I can't say I'm sorry. The fact was, my dear fellow, I felt it cruel to keep the poor things in the narrow limits of my hall, especially as they plainly intimated a disposition to walk away. So we sent them to a friend—of course, one makes that sort of gift when you don't want it yourself—residing at Crowborough. But, as usual, he was not grateful for those beautiful birds. He wrote that they arrived in a cab from the station, each with its head hanging out of the opposite window, with a most idiotic, drunken expression, truly lamentable. But he found it more necessary to put his handkerchief to his nose than to his eyes, while he exclaimed aloud, 'What have I done that my friend Brand should thus have treated me?'"

However, to turn to a pleasanter theme to a hungry man at 11 a.m.—namely, the well-appointed breakfast table, with its snowy napery, glistening silver, and certain polished covers concealing mysteries of the culinary art, the whole presided over by a lady as charming and as entertaining as a hostess as she is captivating as an actress, or as a sweet and sympathetic songstress.

Who would not feel light and gay in such company, and on such a glorious morning, as we sat with the sun streaming through the open French window, which gave on to the garden? No wonder the quip and crank and merry jest went round. Deane Brand must needs arrange a tournament of taste, forsooth. On a day to be fixed, Phil May was to whip up an omelette as light and full of art as are the products of his facile pencil; to himself the "Dean" assigned a white soup, which we insisted should be as mellifluous and full of sentiment as his own baritone; while to me a *rôti* was to be entrusted, as befitted my prosaic nature. Of course, our hostess was to be the guest of the occasion, and to her success as the Prince in the approaching pantomime of "Cinderella" at the Lyceum bumpers were to be filled and emptied *ad lib.* This mention of the Prince, of course, led us straight away to talking "shop."

"Yes, I have got a charming part—and a good singing one, too—ever so much better than that of the Emperor of Morocco in 'Dick Whittington' at the New Olympic last Christmas. 'Cinderella' will be a musical extravaganza quite out of the stereotyped form, and essentially a poem from beginning to end in its artistic treatment. Oh, yes, and Wilhelm has designed the loveliest dresses. I'm really quite excited about it," said Miss Chard, in answer to my inquiry.

"And after the pantomime?"

"Well, if the affairs of men and mice don't run agley, we're off to fulfil an engagement under the impresario and lion-killer, Lusecombe Searelle, in Johannesburg, Kimberley, Pretoria, and Cape Town—an engagement of sixteen weeks."

"And does 'potting' lions come within the contract?" I asked.

"No, it is the public that will be expected to go lion hunting when we go out," added Miss Chard, with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes.

"I think we shall enjoy the trip," said Mr. Brand. "It is particularly attractive with a manager like Searelle, in whom one can have the greatest confidence; besides, South African audiences are so very intelligent and appreciative, we have found. We cancelled an Alhambra engagement as well as others on purpose to take this one. It's like meeting friends again, for my wife was an immense success in the title-rôle of 'Boccaccio,' Boulette in 'Barbe Bleue,' in 'Manola,' and in many other examples of comic opera, and her receptions in Australia were also most gratifying."

"After your return, I suppose, you'll go on the Continent as you have done before?" I said, addressing Miss Chard. "You to enslave hearts with the 'snap and go' of your personations, and your husband with his voice when not murdering the lingo of the country. I shall never forget his calling in German down the speaking-tube in Berlin for his handkerchief, and their bringing him brandy-and-soda and an overcoat as the most likely of things that he would want," I remarked, recalling the story.

"Ah, yes; but that was quite an exception, for Deane, as a rule, insists on speaking English. Did I ever tell you of his adventure at a station between Stockholm and Copenhagen? He went into the buffet, but no one could understand him, so he unfolded a newspaper and filled it with food foraged from the laid-out luncheon table, concluding with the remark, 'Well, now, if they only had some whisky.' 'Here, Sir,' responded one of two well-dressed travellers, in excellent English, who were standing near him, 'fill your flask from this one,' as he handed his to Deane. Imagine my husband's astonishment when he presently saw the gentlemen saluted right and left, and learned that his whisky friend was none other than the Crown Prince of Sweden!"

"It was sympathy. His Royal Highness evidently detected Brand's princely air," jokingly said I.

"Of course, that was it," replied my host, in right good humour. "I confess I am very fond of travelling: the comic side of life and the unexpected are always turning up," he added.

"Yes; I expect you could tell no end of funny stories, especially episodes of Australia?"

"Oh, certainly. What a democratic country that is! There Jack is as good as his master, and a good deal better. I remember in Melbourne the washerwoman called to see my wife one morning, and this is the message the black servant who was sweeping out the hall in the boarding-house where we were staying cried up the stairs, 'I say, you tell the person as plays Bocassy at the theatre that there's a lady down here wants to see her.'"

"Of course, the poor girl didn't mean to be rude," Mrs. Brand explained, "for I am sure I had a great number of admirers among the black population—one in particular, who brought a wondrous collection of fruit, flowers, feathers, and eggs to lay at the feet of the 'white angel'; but he departed heartsick and disillusioned, I am sorry to say, on beholding me without my wig and general get-up."

"I suppose you didn't come across any snakes?"

"Oh, no, I am glad to say. As the snake charmer in 'Round the World in Eighty Days' I had quite enough of them, for I had to handle the creatures, but I never got over my loathing for them. Thinking that they were cold, wet, and slimy, I used at first to lift them up with gloves. I was surprised to find that they were dry and actually warm. Those I had to do with were pythons, and had their mouths tied together; but on one occasion, after they had not been fed for some time, one of them burst



Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

AS FREDERIC IN "MIGNON."

its muzzle, and bit off the lid of the keeper's eye. What wonderfully sympathetic creatures they are, though! Whenever I was nervous they seemed to reciprocate the feeling, and they writhed and wriggled in a most extraordinary fashion.

"What? Are you ever nervous? You, who have gone on with your part while you have seen the sky and side scenery burning around you, and whose *sangfroid* has saved a panic more than once!" I exclaimed.

Presently we adjourned to the drawing-room, where Deane Brand trolled out a ballad in his well-known excellent manner, and Miss Chard sang Mascagni's "Ave Maria" with such exceptionally fine expression that I was not surprised to learn that she was devotedly attached to oratorio music, while her rendering of "Rory, Darling," recalled to me her successes at the Crystal Palace with that very charming song "Dear Heart," and the equal favourite, "The Song which reached my Heart," a title universally acknowledged as most apposite as she used to give this pretty ballad.

"With your experience of song music, Miss Chard, you ought to have formed some ideas?"

"Well, you see, there are so many classes of songs. You wouldn't look for a music-hall song from Tosti or Arditi. Music-hall songs need not be wanting in true poetry of thought, but they must not be mawkishly



Photo by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

AS ELIZABETH IN "THE WEDDING EVE."



Photo by Samuel and Walker, Regent Street, W.

MISS CHARD AS THE GRAND DUCHESS.

sentimental; the audience wouldn't stand it at all. And a music-hall song should give an opening for plenty of dramatic action. You may see what assistance that gives in many of the coster songs, for instance."

"And what sort of comic song do you yourself prefer?"

"Oh, I like boy's parts and songs. You see, I have played 'boy' so very often in Carl Rosa's companies."

THE ALUMINIUM MAN.

A CHAT WITH THE SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL.

An interviewer may do much—how much can never be found out, for, fortunately, there is a point where the editor steps in, and performs a burial service in the waste-paper basket. It has been left to me to make an interview really unique in character. I bearded, although he has not a hair upon his face, the aluminium figure usually—I say it advisedly—perched on the top of the Shaftesbury Memorial in Piccadilly Circus, at the present moment an object of much attention. Where he spends his time when not balancing upon four toes, I am not going to divulge. Suffice it, I found him sitting upon a chair, with his wings supported upon a towel-horse, his bow upon the table, against which rested a half-smoked aluminium-tipped cigarette, and in his hand a whisky-and-soda. I did not waste any time in making notes as to the colour of the wall-paper or the style of the furniture, but put my first question.

"How do you manage to leave your post?" I asked.

Giving an extra polish with his hand to his left knee, which was rather soiled by smoke, my subject replied: "Well, you see, old man, it is deuced slow, not to say cold, standing like a top-heavy fool all day, pretending I have just let fly with my arrow at some pretty girl passing by, when, as a matter of fact, between Mr. Gilbert, myself, and the lamp-post, there never was an arrow at all, notwithstanding that Mr. Harry Furniss has plainly depicted it in *Punch* spitted right through a hansom driver. Consequently, as soon as it gets a bit dark, I jump down and rush to my rooms, mix a whisky cocktail, and then I am off duty until five o'clock next morning."

I felt a little uncomfortable, for the next question I was going to ask was distinctly rude, and I fidgeted in my chair as I asked, "Will you tell me who you are?"

"Well, the fact is that some think I am Truth—of course, only emblematically; some of the art critics of the modern school say I am a new kind of up-to-date Cupid; other people—mostly old ladies—say that I am an immoral thing and ought to have a bathing suit. Then, again, I have been called—excuse me if I laugh under my wing—Charity, and one witty person says I am something to do with Shaftesbury. See? Bow, arrow, ground, or shall I get the corkscrew?"

I hastened to assure his Aluminiumness that I was quite up to his joke, but was afraid to laugh lest he should join in and split his mouth. I ventured to ask, "What do you think of the London County Council?"

With a low howl the Aluminium Man picked up the poker from the grate and, fitting it to his bow, discharged it with a crash through the window. "Think of the L.C.C.!" he screamed. "Why, they are a parcel of quiver-minded, bow-conscienceed, arrow-gant, fountain-speeched, aluminium-pated, straight-wall-constructing, water-stopping wrong'uns." With this the man of metal clattered out of the room, and I was left alone. When, presently, I recovered slightly, my eyes rested upon the table, and I saw that the Piccadilly marksman had left his bow behind. In an instant I seized a number of *The Sketch*, which was lying on the table, wrapped up the bow, and rushed into the street. Hailing the first hansom that passed, I shouted "Piccadilly Circus!" The cab stopped, and I alighted. It was about four o'clock in the morning, and dark. I approached very close to the fountain, and could see dimly the outline of the Aluminium Man. The feat required some little agility, but I managed to climb over the heads of the dolphins on to the projecting bronze work immediately beneath the figure. I reached out the bow, and gave a tap upon the owner's foot. A responsive cry broke the stillness, and then, as my friend turned his head, he cried, "My bow! Thanks awfully. I was in a devil of a fix, for I knew I had not time to return and get the weapon, and in the morning—well, you see, although it would be a capital thing for the evening papers, Mr. Gilbert might accuse me of stealing the beastly bow, and then I should have been disgraced."

I handed it up, and descended the fountain. In reply to the policeman who wanted to arrest me when I reached the pavement, I said I was the worse for drink, and had been endeavouring to light my cigarette at what I mistook for a lamp-post. He took my name and address and I a cab, and so home to bed.

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY.

There are few days in the year with such associations to an Englishman as the 25th of October, and this year the presence of the Russians in France as honoured guests breeds new reflections. For on St. Crispin's Day, 1415, we inflicted at Agincourt the most crushing defeat the French ever suffered in all our wars until Waterloo was fought, exactly 400 years later. And on St. Crispin's Day, 1854, the French fought by our side against the Russians on that field of Balaclava immortalised by the Light Brigade. If we were fighting Russia to-day, we should hardly have the assistance of France. But St. Crispin's Day has other memories for Englishmen besides battles. In 1760 it saw the conclusion of the glorious reign of King George II., with England at a pitch of fighting power which she has never since reached. In 1764 it saw the great Hogarth die at Chiswick. Twenty-nine years before it had seen the death of the famous Earl of Peterborough, the English Bayard. Chaucer himself joined the immortals on the last St. Crispin's Day of the fourteenth century, and on the last of the eighteenth century Macaulay was born. Truly, a notable day to rank with the 3rd of September and the 5th of November as a milestone in the British calendar.

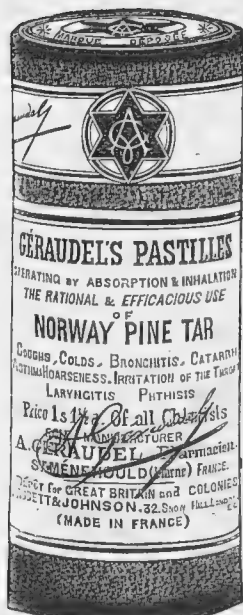
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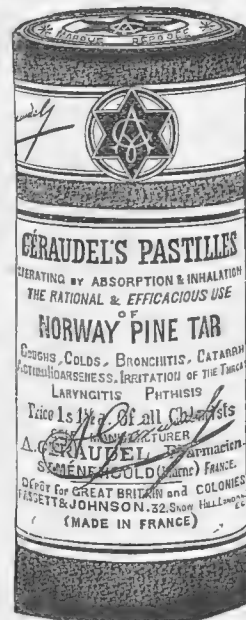
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"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has ended his unhappy career at the comparatively early age of five-and-fifty—away from his people and even his relatives, in Paris above all places. His father, Runjeet Singh, the Lion of Lahore, was a remarkable man, who aimed at something like



DHULEEP SINGH AS A YOUNG MAN.

universal dominion in India, and had not death intervened he might have become troublesome; but his son was incapable of becoming Prince of the Punjaub.

Dhuleep was an infant when his father died, and the demoralised state of the regency and the army induced the British Ministry to annex the principality, the Maharajah receiving £40,000 per annum. He became a Christian, took up his abode in England, where he had a magnificent sporting seat at Elvedon, Suffolk, and became naturalised. His tastes were expensive, he was constantly badgering the India Office for more money, and he was constantly refused.

At last, in 1885, he left in a pique for India, but was not allowed to land, being stopped at Aden, though his relatives were allowed to come from the Punjaub to take part in the ceremony of his abjuring Christianity and re-embracing his native faith. Then he went to Russia, where he thought he would be patronised. In this he was mistaken, so he asked for pardon from England, and betook himself to Paris, where he lived on his pension. It has been remarked of him that he was a patchwork of the English country gentleman, a member of Quarter Sessions, and convert to Christianity on a background of the Sikh warrior.

"Ronki protch!"—which, being translated, means "Hands off!" That is what, according to an Indian journal, the warm reception of the Durand mission to the Ameer means, so far as Russia is concerned. In Cabul, by-the-way, Mr. Pyne, the English engineer, employs 1200 Afghan workmen, and the workshops occupy five acres of ground. All kinds of guns and rifles are turned out at the factories.

An Indian boy and girl, aged respectively nine and six years, have been tried at the criminal sessions at Berhampur on the charge of bigamy. For three days the baby bigamists stood in the dock, but they were finally acquitted.

In three years the imports of Russian petroleum in India have nearly doubled. The day is coming when American petroleum will cease to be imported.

Indian hawkers are a pest in Australia. They wander about the country, and frequently frighten unprotected women and children into buying their wares at exorbitant prices. Instructions have been issued to the authorities to renew the licenses only to those who can speak English and who seem desirable men. In this way it is expected that a large number of Afghans and Pathans will have their licenses stopped.

"All about Australian Shipping" might be the title of the handbook issued by the British India and Queensland Agency Company (Limited), Brisbane. It is full of capital pictures of Australian places of interest, while the elaborate tables of tariffs and shipping details will be of interest to the purely business man.

The island of St. Vincent has sustained its general revenue, as against the loss through the M'Kinley tariff, by the increase in the duties on imported spirits, rum, and sugar. Despite M'Kinleyism, however, the revenue for last year exceeded that of 1891 by £390.

The proposed Pan-Britannic gathering is being vigorously pushed in Canada. The *Toronto Mail* says there is no knowing what union might not arise out of this projected Anglo-Saxon Olympiad.

The frontier between Canada and the United States is not patrolled in any manner. The only guards are the iron posts which stand like sentinels on the boundary-line at a distance of one mile apart. These posts mark the line between the United States and Canada as settled by the Ashburton Treaty in 1842. The Custom-houses are at the railroad stations on or near the line.

Australian statistics want looking into, as many British investors have had cause to know during recent months. Mr. T. A. Coghlan, the Government statistic for New South Wales, in his book, "The Seven Colonies of Australasia, 1893," has just shown that the aggregate of exports for years has been exaggerated, owing to each colony claiming credit for the goods passing through it *in transitu* to Europe.

Sir Robert Duff has not left his Liberalism behind in the old country. He has been expressing his surprise that Victoria and New South Wales do not go in for a common tariff and a Customs Union on that basis. "This national unity," adds the Melbourne *Argus*, "is the great achievement which the world expects from us; it is the step which opens up the one feasible way of relief from pressing commercial troubles."

Attention has been lately directed to the question of the profitable growth of beetroot sugar in Victoria. From 6000 lb. to 8000 lb. of sugar, it is thought, could be got per acre.

Railway expenditure is being cut down with remarkable ruthlessness in Victoria. In the year ending June the annual train mileage was cut down by nearly a million miles, and the expenditure was reduced by nearly £230,000. The revenue amounted to only £2,925,000, the deficit being nearly £350,000.

A chemist at Melbourne, while engaged on some experiments with a powerful explosive, which he had succeeded in inventing after years of patient labour and at an outlay of several thousands of pounds, has been blown to pieces by his invention.



RUNJEET SINGH, THE FOUNDER OF THE PUNJAUB EMPIRE.

From a Drawing by an Indian Artist.



SCENES DURING THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN WEEK IN PARIS

- (1) At the Great Military Tournament: Ancient standard-bearer of the 4th Chasseurs.
 (2) Standard-bearers of the 9th Chasseurs (1805), the 3rd (Vosges) Regiment (1784), and the 9th Chasseurs (1792).
 (3) The crowd in the Champs-Élysées awaiting Marshal MacMahon's funeral procession. (4) A regular swell.

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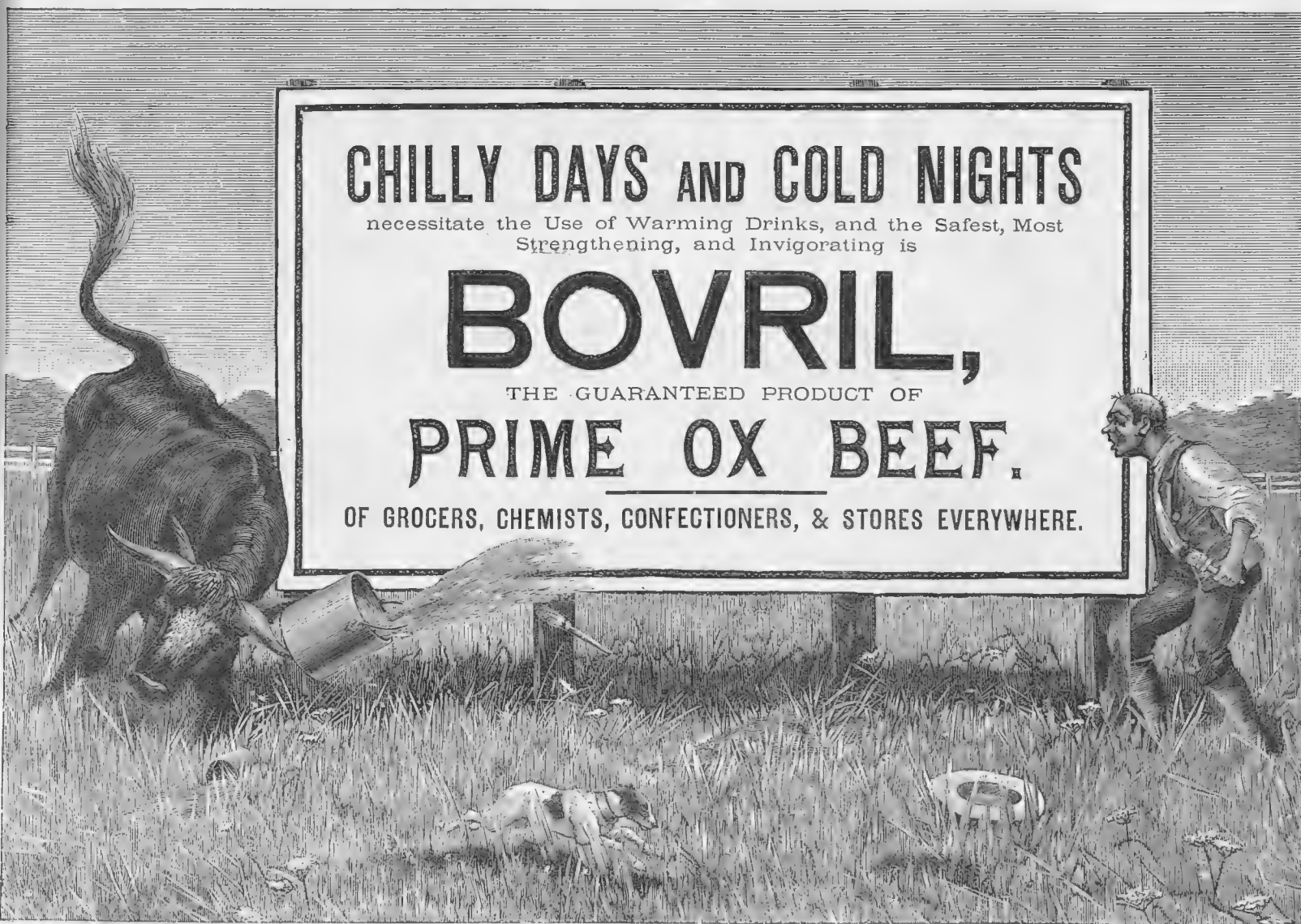
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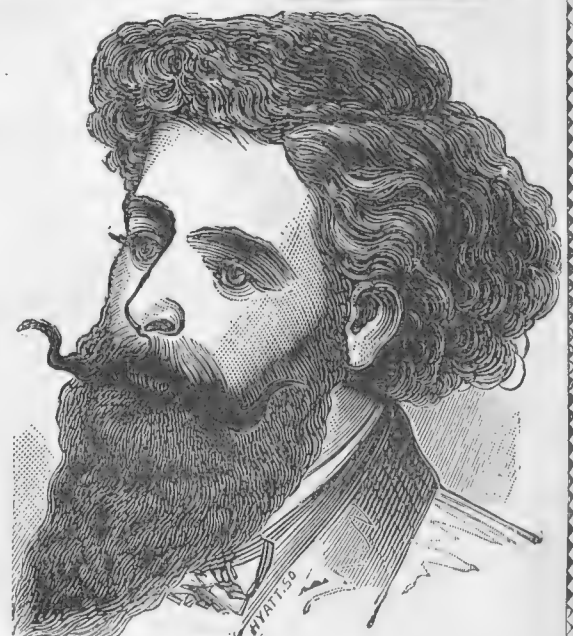
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DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

It is rather remarkable that a funeral which took place 244 years ago should be repeated at the fag-end of this century; but that was what was seen in the quiet old churchyard of Lasswade, seven miles from royal Edinburgh, where a memorial to that quaint spirit, William



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Drummond of Hawthornden, was unveiled in presence of a company which included Professor Masson, whose life of the poet was published just twenty years ago. The memorial consists of a bronze medallion, set in a slab of freestone. The dates of the poet's birth (1585) and death (1649) appear on it with the couplet—

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes grace
The murmuring Esk. May roses shade the place.

A beautiful-minded man, thoughtful and melancholy—that was Dr. Masson's description of Drummond, who was the almost solitary literary star of pure radiance in a singularly darksome time of Scottish literary history. In the interval, they might say, between Sir David Lindsay and Allan Ramsay there was a singular destitution of pure poetry, or pure literature of any sort, and Drummond of Hawthornden was seen as a soft Italian star twinkling in the long night of comparative darkness. He inherited, perhaps, more than any man ever had done in Scotland what might be called the Spenserian faculty. Though, of course, there had been in Scotland poets of, perhaps, stronger and more emphatic genius of a kind, there had been no poet of those special characteristics in Scotland more entitled still to their grateful admiration than Drummond.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

A very pleasant programme was given at the popular concert on Oct. 23, commencing with Beethoven's C minor quartet, admirably interpreted by Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse. The first named had an undeniable encore for her splendid playing of Spohr's adagio in F major, which seems to unfold every moment new and variegated ribands of music. Mdlle. Wietrowetz gave one of Sarasate's Spanish dances in response to the applause. Mr. Leonard Borwick played Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques with beautiful expression, and joined with Mr. W. E. Whitehouse and Mdlle. Wietrowetz in Brahms's trio in C minor. The vocal portion of the concert consisted of four songs, rendered by Miss Louise Phillips, of which the best was "Das Mädchen Spricht." As usual, Mr. Henry Bird was an excellent accompanist.

Mr. Clifford Harrison's enjoyable "Steinway Saturdays" came to an end on Oct. 28 in the presence of a crowded audience. There is a particular charm about these recitals, the auditors, feeling, as it were, the guests of their intellectual host on the platform, which is gracefully bedecked with flowers and with all the pretty *bric-à-brac* of a drawing-room. Then the quiet of the little hall—almost the only public building in London where no sound of the street intrudes—the enthusiasm of the people, most of whom have worshipped at this shrine for many years, and the always delightful programmes give to these recitals a quality quite unique.

LUTE.

ALL ABROAD.

The British Mediterranean Squadron has had as warm a welcome at Spezia as at Taranto. The Municipality entertained the officers to luncheon, the Duke of Genoa being among the guests, and a *conversazione* followed, where all the citizens of note were present.

The French navy has got a notable addition in the new battleship, *Jauréguiberry*, which was launched at Toulon on Friday. When completed for sea, and loaded to her normal water-line, she will displace 11,818 tons, and will rank in size with our *Trafalgar* and *Nile*.

Paris has had a due share of sunlight and shadow during the past week, for Russomania has been varied by an imposing funeral, that of Charles Gounod.

One of the last links between the Bourbons and the great Polish houses has been severed by the death of *Princesse Marguerite d'Orléans*, who was a granddaughter of Louis Philippe.

A new lighthouse, 197 ft. high, for which the *Marquise de Blocqueville* left £12,000, has been begun at Penmarch Point, on the coast of Brittany.

The German Anti-Semite, Herr Ahlwardt, has had his case sent back to the Berlin District Court to be re-tried. In June he was condemned to three months' imprisonment for libelling some Prussian officials, but he appealed to the Imperial Court of Justice, with the result mentioned.

The statistics of the foreign trade of Germany for the first nine months of the year show a decided improvement upon those for the same period last year. There is a great increase in the importation of raw material for manufacturing purposes.

The military jubilee of the King of Saxony has been celebrated with great rejoicings in Dresden. The Kaiser has presented him with a field-marshal's bâton, and conferred on him the honorary colonelcy of a Prussian Uhlan regiment.

A series of arrests is being made by the police in Saxony among the Social Democrats. The prisoners are all reserve men, and it is thought they have tried to spread their creed among the soldiers while engaged in the annual manœuvres.

Over thirty Lutheran pastors in the Baltic provinces have during the past year been fined, imprisoned, or dismissed their posts. Their crime has been to administer the Sacraments according to the Lutheran Church to nominal members of the Orthodox Church.

A curious turn has been given to the political situation in Austria by a coalition between the German Liberals and the Reactionary party of Count Hohenwart. The object is to defeat Count Taaffe.

The troublesome chief, H'Mam, the leader of the Anghera insurrection in Morocco last year, is to be executed with a number of other rebellious Kabyle chiefs. This is intended to warn the tribesmen round Melilla.

Admiral Stanton, the commander of the United States Squadron in Brazilian waters, has been removed from his command, because he saluted Admiral de Mello, the leader of the revolutionists.

There is a fine irony in the fact that while the United States Government, by removing this Admiral, has shown its adherence to Peixoto, private Americans are indifferent to the success of either rival in Brazil, for large orders for arms and ammunition have been placed in the factories of New England.

Though gold exists in paying quantities in Madagascar, mining is discouraged by the heavy percentage—namely, 56 per cent.—levied on all gold and silver found. The illicit gold output is estimated at 38,200 oz. annually.

Rainilaiarivony, the Prime Minister of Madagascar, has found a panegyrist in the wife of the United States Consul on the island, who writes to the *Madagascar News*: "Mr. Gladstone is called 'the Grand Old Man.' If Gladstone, with all the superior advantages of education, culture, and travel has attained to the highest standard of statesmanship, Rainilaiarivony ranks beside him and other great English and American Premiers of his day."

"This man, who has never seen the shores of any other country than his own, is awake to the doings of the nations of the world, and stands, day after day, watching the interests of his country with as much jealousy and determination as Gladstone guards the honour of 'Greater Britain' or Webster or Blaine ever guarded the honour of the United States."

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Most of the flowers with which we are in the habit of adorning our hats and bonnets have at some time or the other been eulogised in verse by some ancient or modern bard, but I have never yet seen a sonnet on a dahlia. This flower has hitherto been left severely alone, both by poets



THE "RUSSIAN" TOQUE.

and milliners; but a change has now come over the scene, and Dame Fashion, in one of her most unaccountable freaks, has just decreed that the dahlia, in all its prim stiffness, is to bloom on our early winter headgear, and already her Parisian devotees have hastened to do her bidding, and inaugurate the reign of the new favourite. We shall inevitably follow in due course, and among the first to lead the movement is clever Madame Yorke, in whose charming show-room at 51, Conduit Street I made the acquaintance of the dahlia under its new conditions, finding, rather to my surprise, that there was a certain quaint charm about it which made it worth cultivating.



THE "YORK" TOQUE.

There was one specially pretty little boat-shaped hat of black beaver, the brim lined with black satin, and the trimming consisting of folds of soft green velvet, which encircled the crown, and finished off with crossed handkerchief ends at the back; while at the right side was a small cluster of dahlias in pretty shades of yellow and reddish purple, and at the left side a larger spray of the same coloured flowers, which stood erect with their attendant leaves. It was very smart and novel, but I must allow that I turned with pleased relief to the dainty little violets, which promise to be as popular this winter as they were last. Already they are beginning to appear on most of the new millinery, and they lend themselves so particularly well to artistic and successful arrangement that, especially as their various shades of colour seem to suit everyone, I expect you will all be delighted to welcome them back again.

As to shape, we are still to go to extremes, and either appear in small, close-fitting toques or large picture hats. The toques which Madame Yorke showed me were delightfully pretty and becoming, so I have had two sketched for you to give you some idea of the lovely



PICTURE HAT AND NEW MUFF.

things she produces. One, a Russian toque, is of green miroir velvet, bordered with a narrow band of black Persian lamb, a long curved jet buckle being placed in front, and two small black wings at each side, two more wings standing erect on the crown, one at each side. A delightful finishing touch is given by a small market bunch of violets encircled in leaves, which is placed at the back, the stalks resting on the hair. The novel shape of this toque makes it very becoming even to those who do not usually find that toques suit them, and it may interest you to know that the Empress of Russia has been wearing one exactly the same in shape and style, but made in white and gold.

The other toque, though, met with even greater favour in my eyes, perhaps by reason of the fact that it was only thirty shillings, a qualification at which my economical soul rejoiced greatly. It is of white felt, caught up in the most fantastic and artistic way, and fastened with cut jet cabochons. It is trimmed with twists of leaf-green velvet, which are caught in the front with a jet buckle, and at the side form a rosette and two erect ears, which are run through with two daggers with large cut-jet heads. A sable tail forms an additional trimming, and the combination of the white and green with the touch of brown fur and the glitter of the jet is wonderfully effective. Of course, you can

(Continued on page 53.)

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Is of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the teeth, strengthening the gums, and giving a pleasant fragrance to the breath; it eradicates tartar from the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a pearl-like whiteness. ROWLANDS' ODONTO has a most delightful perfume, and is a perfect toilet luxury for everyone.

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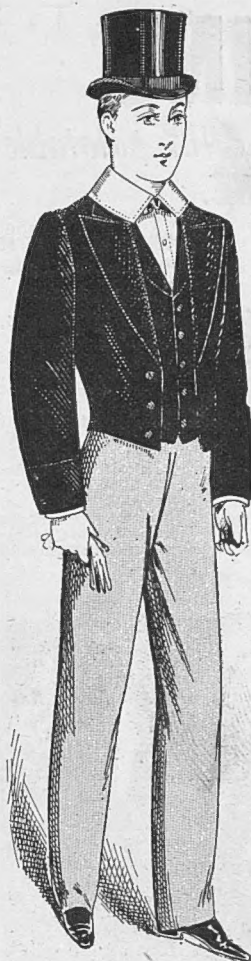
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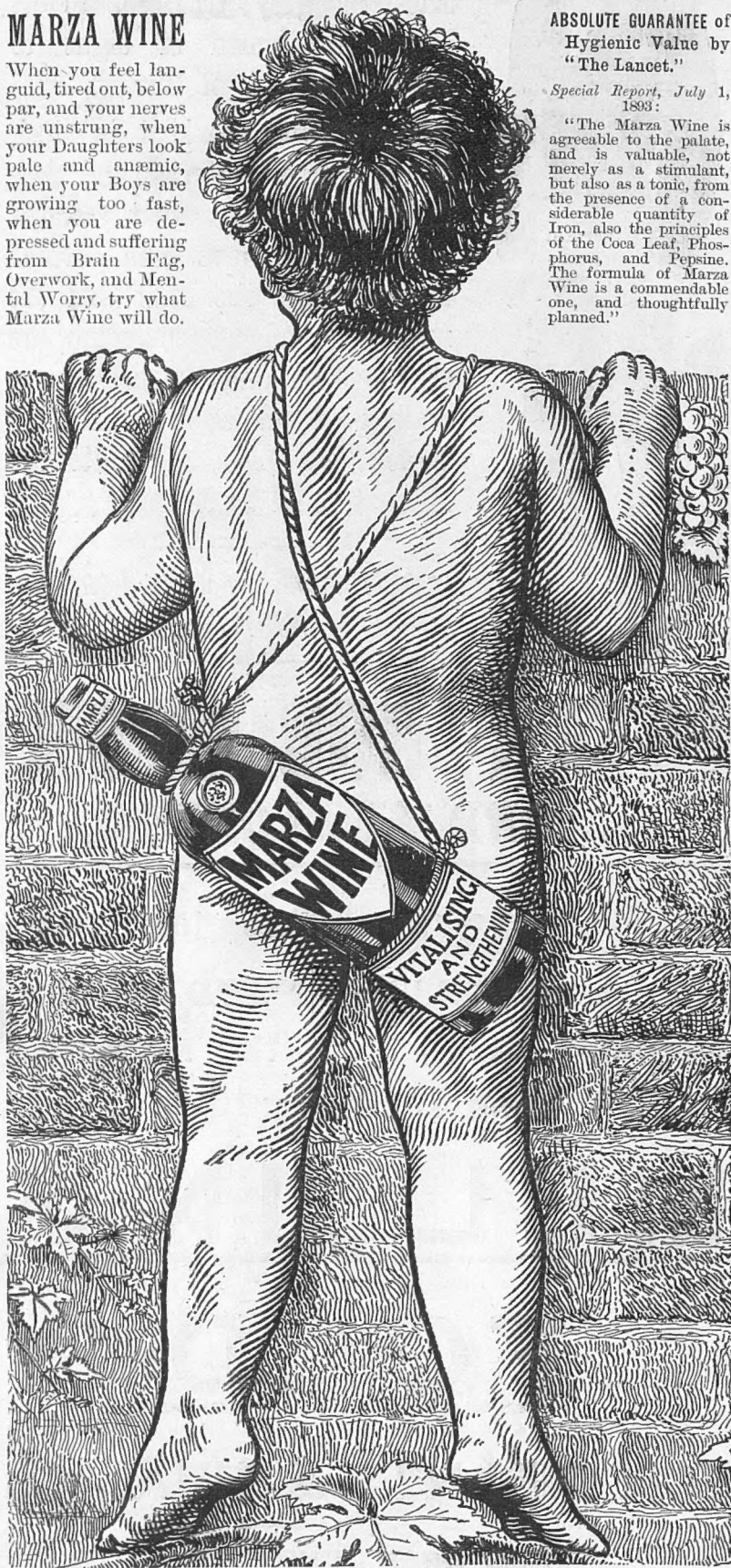
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THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORDS.

"Brethren, let us dwell together in harmony and peace."

These are good words, always fit to be spoken, and they are especially fragrant as coming from lips which Death is about to seal for ever.

We quote the following from an American newspaper: "Henry D. Lees, a prominent politician, while addressing a meeting at South Norwalk, on October 31, dropped dead from heart disease. His last words were, 'Brethren, let us dwell together in harmony and peace.' He was a well-known Grand Army man."

Had this old soldier fallen from a rifle-ball through the brain his end could not have been more sudden. The paper says he died of heart disease. Is it likely he did? Not at all likely, inasmuch as *real* heart disease is a *very rare* malady. More people are killed by lightning than by that. True heart disease is a shrinking of the lining membrane of the heart, caused by previous inflammation; the inflammation being produced by rheumatism and gout, and the latter by the poisons generated in the stomach by indigestion and dyspepsia. As we have said, this malady is very rare; *a person may have it and live to be a hundred years old*. His heart has simply lost power to pump as much blood as it did once; that's all. He must take life easier.

But the ailment that goes by the name of "heart disease" is quite another thing. Women can explain the difference even better than men. Read this for example: "When I was seventeen years old I seemed to lose my health all at once. It was in the summer of 1889 that I began to have spells of feeling faint and giddy. My tongue was furred, my appetite poor, and after eating I had pain in the stomach, and was all the time belching up wind. I was always tired and weak, and none the less so for eating; food didn't strengthen me as it used to do.

"One day, in the latter part of the following October, whilst in service at Mrs. Firth's, Park Farm, Thornhill, I made a visit home. When I got there I had such pain and fluttering at the heart I could scarcely stand. This frightened my mother, so she got some of the neighbours to help me to the doctor's. He said, 'Your heart is in an alarming condition; you will have to be careful. On no account must you hurry or make any violent effort.'

"The doctor's medicines did me no good; I got worse, and gave up my situation. Soon afterwards I had a nasty cough, and an irritation at the throat and chest that wouldn't let me sleep. I would sit up in bed till nearly daybreak, coughing and spitting, and was worse tired than when I went to bed. My legs trembled so with weakness I couldn't stand or walk much, and had to have help to wash or dress myself. Well, this is the way I got on, month after month. One day mother thought I was dying, and ran and fetched Mrs. Senior, a neighbour.

"The next January (1890) Mr. Kilner, of Messrs. Kilner Bros., Glass Bottle Manufacturers, Thornhill Lees, recommended me to the Dewsbury Infirmary, where I stayed six weeks; but the doctor's physic did me no real good. I kept wasting away, and people said there was no chance for me to get well.

"It was then I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I read of its curing a case like mine—read of it in a little book. My mother sent for the Syrup. She bought it of Mr. J. Day, the chemist, at Thornhill Lees. The first few doses made me feel better. The *pain at my heart was easier*, and my food agreed with me. So I kept on taking the Syrup and getting better. Presently I was strong enough to go to work. My colour came back too, and I have been well and all right ever since. *If we could have afforded it we should have put the particulars of my case in the newspapers.* (Signed) Hannah Milnes, 18, Walker's Buildings, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, October 12, 1892."

Now, what is the common-sense of Miss Milnes' experience? What was her ailment? It was indigestion and dyspepsia. The heart trouble was one of the symptoms of the *stomach* trouble. Virtually, this is the foundation fact about "heart disease," "heart failure," and all other organic disturbances. Cure the *cause* with Seigel's Syrup and the results will pass away with it.

have it made in any colour, but the price remains the same, so I should advise you to invest in one without delay. What do you think of calling it the "York" toque, and so combining a touch of loyalty with a well-deserved recognition of the maker?

Then I also had a lovely picture hat sketched for you, together with a beautiful new muff. The hat is of olive-green felt, trimmed at each side with black ostrich feathers, arranged in the most skilfully artistic manner, a twist of black moiré ribbon being placed in front, and fastened with a brilliant buckle. The muff, which is suspended round the neck by black moiré ribbon, tied in a bow at the back, is a very large one, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, and is made of black velvet, the fulness caught in the centre by a black moiré bow, in which nestles a tiny bunch of violets. The muff is arranged in three frills, two of the velvet, showing a lining of green silk matching the hat in shade, the third being of the green silk, bordered with an edging of curled ostrich feathers. Such a muff would give a wonderful finish to any costume, and you would not be sacrificing comfort to appearance, for it is delightfully cosy and warm.

So much for the sketches, but I have not nearly come to an end of my, or, rather, Madame Yorke's, good things. I admired unreservedly a very smart boat-shaped hat of dark tan-coloured beaver, the brim underneath being of black felt, edged with black silk wire. It was trimmed with a loose twist of petunia velvet, which passed through two jet circlelets in front, and at the back tied in a loose knot. At each side were placed two roses in a corresponding shade of petunia, the centres being shaded off to green. Another hat, which was a positive inspiration, was of black beaver, the low crown encircled by a band of black satin ribbon, fastened by a long curved buckle of turquoises. One black ostrich feather was placed in front, curving from crown to brim; while another was arranged in the same way at the back, and in the centre, at the left side, stood one erect ostrich feather. Under the brim, which was lined with velvet, was a tiny rosette of turquoise-blue satin ribbon, fastened with two long jet pins, and these two touches of delicately beautiful colouring were simply the perfection of art.

Another wonderfully cheap hat which I should like you to make a point of seeing was of black beaver in the fashionable and most becoming boat shape, the brim underneath of satin, a curved steel buckle being placed in the front of the crown, and a cluster of beautiful coque feathers at the left side. When you remember how the popularity of beaver has raised its price, you will be surprised to hear that this eminently smart hat was only thirty-five shillings. I consider it a very good investment, for it could be worn with any dress throughout the winter season.

But now I must leave you to find out the rest of Madame Yorke's lovely things for yourself, for I want you to try to imagine yourself imbibing coffee or tea out of a cup of the daintiest Staffordshire ware



in a shade of yellow resembling the heart of a tea-rose, and having a faint floral design in gold as a border, while the mount and handle are of exquisitely pierced silver, which allows the colour to peep through. The saucer is of silver, with a pierced border, and the quaintly shaped sugar basin and cream jug are carried out in the same way, the teapot or coffee pot to match being fitted with a silver lid, which has for a handle a tiny rose and an equally diminutive leaf. It sounds almost too good to be real, I know—almost too fairy-like for ordinary mortals' use; but if you want to see the real article you have only to go to Messrs. Wilson and Gill's premises at 134, Regent Street—always attractive enough to warrant a special visit of inspection—and there you can feast your eyes on one of the loveliest novelties which has been brought out for some time. I have got illustrations of the coffee set for you, but, though they will give you some idea of the general effect and appearance, you ought to see the exquisite colouring for yourself. I can think of no more delightful wedding present, nor one which would give more genuine pleasure to the recipient, and, as you can get a teapot (or coffee pot), cream jug, and sugar basin for ten guineas, it is by no means a costly one.

Once more Mellin's Food has received warm approval. I learn that the highest honours at the Chicago Exhibition have just been awarded to it in the form of the medal and diploma. The German Empress's testimonial and verdict on this food is thus confirmed by a practical board of judges.

FLORENCE.

THE HOME LIFE OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Much that is true and untrue has been written about Marshal MacMahon within the last few days: his public character is well known—a glimpse into his home life may not prove uninteresting. I made his acquaintance in the latter days of the Empire, when, as a child, I used to go to play with the young MacMahons in the hôtel in the Rue Bellechasse. The eldest boy, Patrice, was my particular chum, and with the characteristic perversity of youth we thought no play-room suited us half so well as the Marshal's study. Here we brought the toys, most of them of a warlike description, and often appealed to the Marshal with the confidence born of perfect trust to mend a drum or heal the wounds of a tin soldier. Our presence was tolerated with angelic patience until one fatal morning, emboldened by our success, we carried on experimental operations in the cooking of chocolate in his fireplace, and summoned the illustrious hero to the rescue of our saucepan, which was boiling over, in which act he scalded his fingers, whereupon we were instantly banished to the schoolroom by the Duchesse de Magenta.

The Marshal's wife—Madame, or "Sainte" Elisabeth, as she was called by her familiars—did not spoil us as hopelessly as the Marshal, and we were very much more afraid of her. It would be impossible to imagine a more harmonious home life than that of the hôtel in the Rue Bellechasse. The Duchesse liked to have her people about her, and her parents, the Duc and Duchesse de Castries, were constantly in and out of the house. The Duchesse de Castries was a former beauty, and English, or of English extraction; both she and the Maréchale spoke English like natives. Mdlle. de Castries, the Duchesse's sister, was a perfect contrast to herself in every way: slender, and golden-haired, of haughty mien, she looked like a tall, white lily, and the MacMahons were very proud of her beauty. She became Comtesse de Beaumont by her marriage, and died some time ago in Paris. Patrice was the eldest son, a fair, delicate boy, whom I thought rather *blasé* on the subject of toys, as much court was paid to the parents through the medium of the children, and they possessed a room full of the most elaborate playthings. Patrice, now Comte de MacMahon, is a dashing young officer, the image of his mother; Eugène was a handsome child, whose mental infirmities were the one drop of bitterness in his parents' cup of happiness; and Emmanuel, then the baby—as the daughter, Marie, was not born at the time I speak of—now a tall young man, bearing a striking resemblance to his father. The familiar friend of the house was the Marshal's aide-de-camp, a bluff old soldier, who adored his chief and everything belonging to him. The Marshal took the deepest interest in his children, their games, playfellows, and toys. He was always ready to listen to them, and entered into every detail of their lives. It is not too much to say that he worshipped his wife, "Elisabeth"; no one who ever heard him utter that name could doubt the fact for an instant. He was just the same age as her own father, but it had been a love match on both sides, and remained such to the end. A heroic action performed in the simplest way won him his wife's heart, and no two people were ever more suited to each other. The Duchesse was active and extremely ambitious. She would sometimes fly off in a tangent in the vain hope of inspiring the Marshal with some of her ideas. He would smile quietly while she exhausted the flow of her eloquence, which contrasted with his own rather silent manner. Finally, she would give up the battle with a laugh at her husband's obstinacy. People have called the Duchesse de Magenta plain, and have proclaimed that her one redeeming virtue was charity. Physically she was rather short and stout, but she had lovely, long-lashed violet eyes, a fresh complexion, and the prettiest rippling laugh imaginable. Her happiness and good spirits were infectious; she had plump shoulders and well-shaped arms, and looked best in evening dress. A perfect wife and mother, a graceful hostess, she possessed a very clear head and the heart of a Sister of Mercy. Her mornings were devoted to the sick and poor, to whom she gave not only her money, but her time and thought; to her they were God's chosen, for the very essence of her religion was charity. The Marshal never interfered, but let her dispense her gifts as she thought proper. It is said that the rich proprietress of the "Bon Marché" used to give the Duchesse very large sums of money to distribute, as she knew that by this means real distress would be alleviated, for every case was personally inquired into. The children of the Maréchale were trained in the same spirit, and as the New Year approached all last year's toys were set aside for "*les petits pauvres*," to be distributed to them by the little MacMahons. The Marshal did not disdain shopping with his wife, and he was often carried off to the fashionable milliners' for the important matter of choosing a bonnet for the Duchesse, and, as he held very strong views on this subject, his decision was always final.

On the New Year's Eve at the period I am speaking of he and his wife drove us to that children's paradise, Giraud's, there to choose our own Christmas-boxes, and also buy presents for their friends. Nor were the servants forgotten, for they were most kindly treated in this ideal household. We made a merry party, I assure you, and I think the Marshal enjoyed himself as much as we did. The Duchesse bustled about, choosing costly trifles, ever and anon turning to consult the Marshal, who approved with a nod and a smile that lingered in his Irish blue eyes as they rested upon the little lady at his side, whose quick, active mind was a constant delight to his slower nature.

I think everyone who knew the Marshal was struck with those eyes of his: they were as guileless and as honest as the eyes of a little child. I will always look back with pleasure to the *déjeuner* we had *en famille* on that New Year's Day—the Duchesse's relatives and Marshal's aide-de-camp

were the only guests, and we all went out on the balcony of the dining-room looking on the court to see the two gentlemen go off in all the splendour of their military bravery in the carriage, with its powdered footmen, to pay their respects to Napoleon III.

Yes, these days were pleasanter than the Governorship in Algiers or the glories of the Presidency to the simple-minded soldier, whose tastes and habits were almost frugal. Algiers was hardly a pleasant memory. It was banishment from Paris in a way, and when the Maréchale's ardent spirit sought to mark itself out in charity she was met by steely opposition from the Bishop, Mgr. de Lavigerie, whom her husband had recommended for the bishopric. The animosity grew fast and furious, and did not help to make matters pleasant, as there were faults on both sides; but the MacMahons were least to blame. Colonisation was difficult; the French are bad colonists, the few Irish sent out were worse, and nothing was left but to convert and civilise little Arabs, and even on this point the Duchesse and the Bishop could not agree.

When Marshal MacMahon was wounded at Pourru au Bois, the Duchesse flew to nurse her husband, and my father was asked to bring the youngest son, Emmanuel, then staying with his grandmother, to his father's bedside. They had to cross the German lines, and it was a wearisome journey through the enemy's camp, and young Maimé used to give vent to his impressions of the German soldiery in a manner calculated to wound the vanity of the race. My father, who heartily shared his opinion, was obliged, however, to keep the boy's patriotic spirit within bounds, as he found black looks levelled at him.

I also remember my father telling an anecdote of the Marshal taking him out for a quiet little walk under a rain of shells from Mont Valérien. They met some officers, and the Marshal kept nearing the danger, until one of the officers persuaded him with great difficulty to get into a carriage with my father. They had hardly turned down hill when a shell struck the place where they had been standing, and a piece of it damaged the side of their carriage. The Marshal laughingly remarked that it was a narrow escape. It was most amusing after the war to see the brilliant young staff officers gingerly following the Marshal to the bedside of the soldiers stricken with black small-pox. Handsome and brave young fellows, no doubt, but not proof against the fear of possible disfigurement by contagion. During and after the war the Duchesse was indefatigable in her endeavours to nurse the wounded and help the poor. The massacre of the Archbishop (Mgr. Darboy) and the clergy was a cruel blow to her. In the great Bishop of Orleans she found a faithful friend and fellow-worker, with a heart as zealous as her own, but she was fated to lose him later on. With the help of Thiers' sister-in-law, Mdlle. Dosne, Madame Léon Say, and others, she was able to re-establish the order of things, and make life possible to hundreds of poor people in and outside Paris. Then came the Presidency and the receptions at the Elysée. The style of things there was not Republican; the Duchesse is a born aristocrat, and you might fancy yourself in the heyday of the Empire. I think the Maréchale enjoyed the semi-sovereignty of the thing, but I am sure the Marshal did not. He sighed for La Forêt and a good day's shooting, and no self-sacrifice could have been greater on his part than accepting the heavy burden of social duties the position entailed.

It has been said that Marshal MacMahon was not as Irish as certain friends of his in Paris would have wished to make him appear. This is anything but correct, and the best proof of it was that he named his first child after Ireland's patron, and accepted a sword from the Irish, presented to him by the most Irish of Irishmen. His son Patrice used to lay claim to this sword when he was a small boy as his proudest inheritance. The Marshal was fond of boasting of his Irish descent, and took an interest in everything concerning Ireland. It was the Duchesse de Magenta who besought the Empress Eugénie to give a prize for the bazaars given for the poor of Claddagh and Cape Clear. It was also the Duchesse who was chief *quêteuse* at the collection made after the sermon Mgr. Dupanloup preached for the poor of Tipperary, when the French ladies threw their rings and bracelets into the collection bags, and a poor workman gave his silver watch, which was afterwards raffled for, bringing in a further sum of money for the Irish. Marshal MacMahon had one peculiarity: he could not order a dinner. He would have ordered game before the soup if a gentle hint had not been given to him that it was not quite orthodox. He generally made a mess of it, and ended by humbly entreating his guests to arrange things for him with the *garçon*. This was quite a standing joke among his friends. A daughter was born to him after his three sons to be the joy of his old age, and after he retired from politics his life was one of unalloyed peace and happiness, as it deserved to be. The last time I beheld the Duchesse in public was at the last official ball given at Versailles. The Prince of Wales was present, and I think everyone who was there had cause to remember it. Whether people who were not invited got in, or if too many were asked, I know not, but the crush was absolutely dangerous and the heat suffocating. The lovely Galerie des Glaces was obscured with such a haze of heat that the mirrored walls seemed to have been covered with brown paper. No one could find the wraps they came in, and it ended in a battle royal in the cloak-room, everyone carrying off someone else's opera cloak. Ladies fainted on every side, and the army doctors had their hands full. I suffered no hurt, but came home like Cinderella minus one shoe, which I lost in the crush. The Duchesse and many others had left early to attend the Bishop of Orleans' funeral.

Marshal MacMahon died as he had lived, like a hero, but the memory of his good deeds will never fade from the recollection of those whom he loved and who loved him.

A. B.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 28, 1893.

Discount rates have been firm all the week in consequence of the demand for gold on Continental account and the fear of the metal being required for export to the United States. The Bank return is not very reassuring, but for the moment there does not seem much chance of an increase in the official minimum, although this is sure to come at no distant date. The banks have plenty of money to lend, but, although those whose credit is unimpeachable can have more than they want for the asking, there is a great disinclination to advance upon anything like shaky security.

The result of the Indian currency legislation is well shown by the Bank of England again having to announce that in response to the invitation to tender for bills there had been no application. Since July 4 last, or in sixteen weeks, the amount realised by the Council has been £92,756, against £4,334,595 for the same period of last year, and the issue of £2,000,000 Treasury bills just announced is, of course, made in order that the necessary funds may be provided to meet the current home charges.

The Home railway traffics are still of a depressing character, and, although investors have steeled their hearts against selling their stocks at present prices, it must be confessed that when the gross loss of business upon the four most important lines in the kingdom for the half-year vary from £634,943 on the Midland to £180,100 on the Great Western the outlook is not encouraging. Prices have naturally given way, and of late the market has been in a very despondent condition; but, still, the fall all round has not been so much as might have been expected. The revenue statement of the Brighton line for September is again bad; but the "A" stock was so largely sold in anticipation that the backwardation rose to the stiff figure of $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ on Wednesday last, which is a heavy penalty for the bears to pay for postponed delivery.

The feature of the week has, of course, been the late rapid rise in American rails, which has been brought about by the general belief that the obstruction of the silver men in the Senate is about to collapse, and that we are within sight of the much-needed repeal of the Sherman Act. You have been so often warned by us that the silver question was the key to the future of this market that you will have fully anticipated the advance if you gave credit to the latest news from Washington.

The Argentine gold premium has dropped to a lower point than it has stood at for many months, after a severe spasm or two on the way. Should the political condition of the country be satisfactory, we anticipate that the fluctuations will, within a few months, bring this bugbear of Argentine finance within controllable bounds. French patriotism, which has been rampant during the last few days, has succeeded in again depressing Italian Government stocks; but, to our mind, the whole question of the value of European international securities depends on whether the chances of a small rise make it worth while to buy stocks which would be practically unsaleable if anything like a war cloud were to make its appearance. The intelligent student of Continental politics is as able to judge of the chances as the most experienced broker.

As we anticipated, dear Sir, the meeting of the Industrial and General Trust was quite different from the usual tame affairs to which we have long been accustomed; indeed, it was the most unpleasant meeting we ever had the misfortune to attend, ending in the rejection of the directors' proposals, amid a scene of confusion in which very few knew exactly what they were voting about. Some form of re-arrangement will have to be adopted, and if the shareholders will insist on a proper investigation into the past transactions of the board a great point in company administration will be gained. The "Milton" committee were too evidently bent on capturing the management of affairs, and imported a rising young barrister to speak for them, which was a mistake. Mr. Ellerman was conspicuous as the leading spirit of the attack, which, we believe, dear Sir, will, if successful, merely lead to placing the funds of the trust at the mercy of the O'Hagan group. The shareholders will act wisely in refusing thus to jump out of the frying pan into the fire, and should be very careful that in escaping from the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation they do not fall into worse hands.

The gold output of the Rand for this month will probably exceed that of any other like period, and the total for 1893 is likely to fall not far short of 1,450,000 ounces, which in these days of gold appreciation is a considerable addition to the world's store; but things in the mining market, as in all others, remain dull. All sorts of stories have been in circulation as to what Lord Ripon and the Government intend to do to the Chartered Company, because they have not allowed Lobengula to eat them up, but is highly improbable that the Premier will commit such a gigantic blunder as to exasperate every intelligent Briton, and set the whole of the Cape Colony in a blaze, by suspending the charter or any such confiscatory measure. There seems to be great danger however, that by muddling interference and unwise negotiations the future of the Company—and, therefore, of civilisation and British influence in South Africa—may be for the second time endangered. Very possibly, matters may end well, but the position is not of such a reassuring nature as to place the Chartered Company's shares among the class of securities upon which a man can sleep free from anxiety.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.